The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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Published weekly and copyrighted, 1935, in the United States, by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. United States: $5.00; Canada: $5.50; Foreign: $6.00. Single copies: $.10.

VOLUME XXII | Friday, September 27, 1935 | NUMBER 22

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THE CHURCH SPEAKS IN MEXICO

"FORGETTING everything that has gone before"—spoilation, calumny, and persecution even unto the shedding of the blood of her priests—the Catholic Church in Mexico has offered to the people, but more particularly to the government, of that country her willing acceptance, and active cooperation in achieving the fullest realization of the program of social justice which is the fundamental basis of the Mexican revolution, according to the declaration of the leaders of that revolution. One necessary condition, however, accompanies this offer. First, "it is indispensable that the Church, as a Church, and that Catholics in general, enjoy true and just liberty, the lack of which for many years has resulted in injury not only to the Church but also to the nation."

The entire Mexican hierarchy—including those bishops who are in exile, or in hiding—has issued a joint Pastoral Letter, in which the earnest efforts made by the Church in the past to solve the social problems of Mexico are reviewed, and the position of the Church in regard to the present situation is defined clearly, and frankly, and in a spirit wholly admirable in its respect not only for those Christian principles of charity and justice of which they are the guardians, but also for the interests of the Mexican nation, to which, as Mexicans themselves, the bishops are rightly devoted.

The letter directs attention to the fact that as long ago as 1913 a social program, sponsored by the Church, was issued, which, if it had been accepted by the government would, the bishops believe, have enabled the sorely harassed nation to "have avoided many of the evils which have arisen since then." Indirectly, however, this Catholic program of social reform bore fruit, because the bishops claim that it "apparently served as the basis of Article 123 of the Mexi-

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can Constitution of 1917." Yet the very Church which thus demonstrated not merely its desire to bring about social reforms for the benefit of Mexico's unprivileged classes—the peons and the workers—but actually originated such reforms, has been directly prohibited from taking part in the solution of Mexico's social problems.

That the program proposed by the Church authorities in Mexico in 1913, was not a mere expedient, forced by the rising tide of popular demand for social justice, and the outbreak of that demand in revolutionary action, is proven by the bishops in two ways. First, they furnish a long list of the works performed by or through the Church ever since its establishment in Mexico for the social and economic and cultural welfare of the Mexican people. Second, they show that these works of the past, and their actions in the present, are grounded solidly upon, and proceed logically from, the age-old teachings of the Church; but, in a special way, upon those teachings as developed to apply to modern conditions by the two great Popes who are inseparably associated with modern forms of social justice: Pope Leo XIII, and Pope Pius XI.

As to the Church's past record—what it did "to solve in so far as possible, the social problems of other times—the Pastoral Letter (as translated by the Mexico City correspondent of the N.C.W.C. News Service) speaks as follows:

"Let us proclaim not only the innumerable churches, many of them impressive works of art, erected for divine service, and the seminaries and religious houses, true centers of culture and social good, but also the numerous hospitals and welfare institutions scattered in all sections, the houses of refuge, schools, orphanages and asylums, and so many other buildings, used today for very different purposes from those for which they were built; and no less those honored and beneficial guilds of artizans which contributed so much to the progress of industry, the splendor of art and the social and economic welfare. . . . We wish, therefore, that there be set forth in this document that the Church, while she could —that is, while she remained free—did much for the true welfare of the Mexican people; . . . no one is ignorant of the fact that while the Church could intervene freely in society, there were less evils, they were repressed more efficaciously, and more peace and well-being were attained." Even when the Church was deprived of the use of many of her rights by the Constitution of 1857, the Laws of 1859 and of the Reform, the Church "although poor, persecuted and oppressed sought a means of solving the social problems to which the new order of things gave origin."

In support of the statement that before 1910 the Church had a program of progressive social action, the pastoral cites the efforts in 1903 of Catholic deputies in the Congress to establish farm banks and cooperatives; that in 1906, the Ministry of Finance prevented the establishment by Catholics of an Agricultural Reparations Bank; that in the state of Jalisco in 1912, when Catholics formed the majority of the legislature, various laws were adopted for the protection and aid of the family, the protection of minors, and rendering assistance to labor unions; that labor congresses, agricultural congresses, weeks of social study, study clubs for workers were held throughout Mexico. The pastoral also cites the various Catholic publications defending social rights, and the establishment of the Social Secretariat and the Catholic Confederation of Labor with which were affiliated the various Catholic Labor Unions; also, that various social works were supported by the Marian Congregations, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Union of Catholic Women, the Catholic Association of Mexican Youth, the Knights of Columbus, and other organizations. There were Catholic academies, parish schools, schools of arts and sciences, orphanages, hospitals and other social services.

In 1913, the pastoral sets forth, a social program sponsored by the Church was proposed at the memorable Zamora Congress which, if the public power had accepted and protected it, "would have avoided many of the evils which have arisen since then." "Our reforms," the pastoral states, "would have proceeded in a normal and gradual manner by successive steps, without brusque transitions or premature advances; but with firm, sustained and constant step, would have marched toward the progress aimed at." Commenting on this particular phase of the Mexican social problems, the bishops declare: "It had not been our intention to present all the social recoveries which we desire for our people, but only the most urgent. . . . We sought these revindications with all the firmness of the solid principles on which they rested, but in demanding them we never laid hand to illegitimate means, convinced that in social transformations, moral force is the only force that, sooner or later, conquers all difficulties."

It is to be hoped that the full text of this highly important document will soon be available in English; and also that the American press, which so far has been shockingly indifferent to the persecution of religion in Mexico, at our very doors, while so keenly alive to similar persecutions in Germany, will at last awaken to the fact that the Catholic Church in Mexico has a very powerful case, which fair-minded Americans ought to know, not only against the present anti-religious laws of the Mexican government, but also as the champion of true social justice for the Mexican people.

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Week by Week

WHAT has been happening to relief work? Part of the answer was made public on September 14, when President Roosevelt was informed that the heavy construction program had made scarcely a dent on the unemployment situation and that, anyhow, it could not get under way before the spring of next year. As a matter of fact the data seemed to indicate that fewer than 800,000 men, most of whom were in C.C.C. camps, had been benefited by the $4,000,000,000 fund authorized by Congress. The President met the situation by empowering Mr. Harry L. Hopkins to scout around for temporary jobs to be given the millions of idle workers during the coming winter months. These actions were interpreted in many quarters as meaning that Secretary Ickes's insistence that the government finance "worthwhile projects" has now been definitely overruled. At any rate, one is fairly safe in assuming that the $4,000,000,000 fund has proved almost impossible to expend in the manner originally planned. This money has not served and will not serve as an industrial "blood transfusion," calculated to stimulate the production of heavy goods in particular. The theory upon which such views were based seems tabu. Uncle Sam is facing the same old question: how can at least some work be created for people who haven't any? The fund has been allocated and will be spent. Whether a similarly huge amount may be needed next year is therewith left an open question, of the gravest kind. It seems obvious that the situation demands the most careful thought and the most efficient administration the country can supply—and not a sequence of tentative approaches leading, as at present, to nowhere at all.

The Trend of Events

NO definition of Fascism is reliable, because dictatorship is something which cannot be defined. Who is to say what the grand mogul is going to think expedient or desirable next week? He may scrap a social and economic structure and replace it with another; he can fire a whole corps of officials and keep most of the news out of the home press; he can order the people to lump a thing they were requested to like a few months ago. The one assertion which can be made of Fascism is this: it exhausts all the possibilities of tempo. For example, the Italian government of yore prided itself on the fact that it disturbed no one. Life went along at the same easy pace; few bothered even if the train schedules were awry. When Il Duce appeared, action became the watchword. Existence was suddenly a matter of becoming bigger and better every day. If the new Caesar couldn't thump up and down at home, he was at least permitted to thump up and down abroad. All Italy was rushed into uniforms for much the same reason that a whole college is hurried into football suits. When times became very hard and life was boring, the chance to gobble up Abyssinia presented itself. From the Fascist point of view the situation was a find. War against the Ethiopians has this great advantage: one victory is likely to follow another. Nobody is going to crush those tribesmen in a single battle. But Il Duce can go along for years winning one fight, then another and then another, just as the Nazis can progress by unearthing still more enemies in the Fatherland. It seems fantastic that a great portion of the explanation for what is occurring abroad may be psychological in the manner outlined, but truth is often—well, stranger than economic and political analysis.

The Tempo of Fascism

HITLER'S address to the Nazi Reichstag, convened in Nuremberg, was rambling and weak, but it carried out two of the most important actions which the "saviours of Germany" have undertaken. The party flag—i.e., the banner which Magistrate Brodsky likened to the "black flag of piracy"—has been declared the German national emblem, replacing the flags of the empire and the republic. It can well be imagined that for millions of Germans, who have learned only too well the meaning of the swastika, this new measure of infamy fills the cup to the brim. Secondly, the laws against Jewry, as endorsed by Goering and Hitler, carry out virtually the whole of the original Nazi anti-Semitic campaign. Perhaps the most important single ruling is that Jews cannot employ servants less than forty-five years old. On the surface this reads like a gross joke, since the meaning must obviously be that in such a manner the morals of serving-girls will be rendered proof against attack. But fundamentally the thing is very serious. In recent months, many localities have witnessed campaigns restraining merchants from selling to Jews; and in such towns only those having German servants have been able to secure the necessities of life. If, therefore, the employment of Aryan help is now forbidden, Jews living in smaller towns can be literally starved out. The sole solution may be the formation of ghettos in several metropolitan cities. To this deplorable act of barbarity have psychopathic fanatics brought the fair land of Germany. Let us be under no illusions. Attacks quite as violent will be made upon Catholics; and it will be interesting to see whether the

Hail to the Swastika!

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one Catholic who still sits in the august Reichstag will then rise to his feet and click his heels!

"Loyalty Days"

FROM time to time we have printd something about the work of Religion and Welfare Recovery, a nation-wide organization sponsoring renewed concern with religion as a force of basic importance to every citizen. One specific objective of the movement is attendance at church; and accordingly October 6 has been designated "Loyalty Sunday," on which "every citizen is cordially invited and every member confidently expected" to attend Divine service. The day previous is "Loyalty Sabbath" for Jews. Now we all know that Catholics generally go to Mass very faithfully, and that therefore the principal interest which such a suggestion has for many of us lies in the hope that our separated brethren may be induced to take their religious duties more seriously. Everyone realizes that many of the problems confronting the Catholic Church grow more difficult as Protestanism becomes weaker; and if there were no other reason excepting our own well-being, we might well afford to support enthusiastically the drive for increased church attendance. Still, there are in every community some Catholics whose duties are too lightly borne; who stay away from Mass frequently, and sometimes for long periods; and who eventually disappear from church altogether. Why not make use of the present appeal to stir up life in some of these? The good accomplished might turn out to be very considerable.

Against Noise

FOR THE first time since it has dawned upon New Yorkers that noise is almost as much of a problem to civilization as sanitation, and that nothing whatever had been done about it in this, the world's largest and most progressive city, it begins to look as though action were forthcoming. The Mayor, with characteristic vigor, has appointed subcommittees which cover almost every aspect of noise that might occur to anyone. There will be general and local publicity; there will be special attention to the medical aspect of the question—the effect of noise on nerves and health, about which more and more has been heard in recent times; there will be education to teach people all this, and also how they can help to cut down its cause; and there will be personal appeal, to call out the most civic spirit of the citizenry and enlist their better natures in the effort. One subcommittee will deal exclusively with the employees of large business concerns; another will give attention to street, building and industrial noises; and a final group will report on the technical and scientific findings which show how some kinds of clamor can be killed at their sources. This admirable program is bound to call forth widening cooperation; abundant suggestions will also doubtless help toward a practical solution. The Mayor himself has come forth with the most businesslike one thus far, in his pointed personal request that garbage collectors be curbed in their noisy bouncing about of cans. (He does not, alas, say they will receive new garbage trucks.) The Real Estate Board suggests the penalizing of gratuitous horn-blowers. Still others want the early milkman disarmed of bottles and furnished with paper containers. We ourselves privately hope that the noiseless subway, which has been said to be an experimental actuality, may be with us in not too expensive form.

Constitution Day

THE STARTLING blossoming of Constitution Day this year has been a mysterious phenomenon. Although few citizens could offhand tell you the date of the celebration (September 17), powerful newspapers and movie newsreels opine that it is now becoming an event of importance comparable to the Fourth of July. Boldly the antagonists of the present administration practised the economy they preach by having their big speakers perform in twin bills offering at one time fervent homage to our organic law and equally fervent thrusts at their partizan enemies. The Chicago *Tribune*, and undoubtedly numerous other journals, further particularized the occasion by hinting broadly that it knew the very man most suited to defend the fundamental instrument of our government—in this case James M. Beck. Democratic governors and mayors asked for flag raising and special reverence with no smile. They were constitutionally inhibited from displaying any embarrassment. The political maneuver of taking something you feel quite sure most people love and then trying to force the people to believe your opponents hate it is an old and unappealing one. It involves trying to prove your point and a complex effort to force your opponents to furnish some real material to talk about. You rejoice if your opponents really seem to hate the thing you supposedly love. You exclusively identify your description of the thing with the thing. The most brilliant recent example of the tactic was the last election in England when everyone who presumed to vote against the National candidates was classed as a hater of England's glory. In that election more people were forced by conservatives to vote deliberately against the conservative conception of the whole English government than had ever done so with full intent before. The conservatives won, but love of British institutions was certainly not increased.

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IN RE ASSASSINATION

By ROGER SHAW

THE sudden death of Senator Long calls attention to the fact that during the past few years there has been a veritable wave of assassination. In France occurred the swift death of President Doumer. In Rumania the Fascists did away with Premier Duca. The Austrian Chancellor Dollfuss perished miserably a year ago, victim of a Nazi coup. Croatian gunmen killed King Alexander of Jugoslavia and Foreign Minister Barthou of France in the mad Marseilles affair. Politburist Kirov of Russia was murdered in a hushed-up affair which precipitated a new minor Red terror. President Roosevelt was fired at in Florida, and the shot accounted for the unfortunate Anton Czermak, Mayor of gat-goofy Chicago, who happened to be in presidential attendance.

Has the cycle completed itself, or will such measures of direct-action by the dissatisfied continue by increasing ratio as typical of the hectic times in which we struggle for existence? There have been waves of assassination through the ages, in some cases the acts of individual madmen, in others the carefully elaborated plans of secret societies and political gangsters. Since violence and organization are the two salient features of our age, it is more than possible that a very old weapon is being reforged upon the very latest twentieth-century lines.

Best known of all murderous orders was that of the Persian and Syrian Assassins, founded in the eleventh century. This secret society—one of the most extraordinary sects in world history —was an eccentric branch of Shiite Mohammedans, devoted exclusively to the propagation of a reign of terror. It was organized by Hassan Sabah, known in folklore as the "Old Man of the Mountain," and established itself in impregnable hilly castles under grand-masters possessed of strange secrets. The influence of the order on neighboring chiefs and sultans was very great, for every demand of the Assassins was backed up by sure death through a highly developed technique of secret murder. No potentate who defied the brotherhood was safe. On this deadly threat was based the secular power of the organization, whose influence extended as far as Egypt, and among the contemporary Mongols and Crusaders.

The Assassins were divided into several classes, only the higher-ups having access to the secrets of the order. Actual murdering was done by enthusiastic young neophytes from whom blind obedience was exacted, although they knew nothing of the objectives of their monastic superiors. The youngsters were first doped with hashish, then deliberately exposed to all the pleasures of the senses, as proof of what was to come in the Mohammedan paradise if they obeyed commands. With such pleasant prospects in store for them, they set about their assassination work with reckless daring and quick dispatch while their crafty masters schemed in safety.

Assassins did away with several prominent Crusaders, and the awe-stricken Europeans returned home with tales of these mountain fiends of the East. The word "assassin" was a corruption of "hashish"—the favorite drug of the mountaineers—and so the term came into western languages. The order continued successfully for three centuries, ruling directly over peasants and very considerable landed estates; and its indirect influence was tremendous, as every eastern potentate felt over his head a threatening Sword of Damocles. To this day scattered remnants of the death-sect are said to linger on in the Orient, and many lurid fables concerning the deeds of Jesuits, Freemasons, Reds and Nazis have their origin in the actual accomplishments of this terrible unorthodox branch of Islam.

Generally speaking, assassination did not thrive in the Christian Middle Ages, for the Roman Church was firmly opposed to its use, and excommunication was its penalty. The Byzantine Empire, free of Roman ties, made use of it not infrequently however; as they used legal blinding, Greek fire in warfare, and other "crafty" things frowned upon in the barbarous and rugged West. Then came the Renaissance, with its classical and neo-pagan doctrines, and the rise of national states as against the medieval unity of Christendom. The assassination business began to pick up with a vengeance, as the poisonous Italian Borgias could have told you in polished, humanistic gestures. The Council of Ten, governing body of the Republic of Venice, ordered and rewarded political murders systematically; and the mighty Machiavelli, counselor of kings, advised monarchs to extirpate all those who threatened their absolute power. Many international lawyers of the period, pioneers in the profession, believed that the assassination of national enemies was justified in war time, but not in times of peace. The Reformation, with its grim religious battles, promoted assassination; for in this struggle the creed of a single monarch might sway an entire nation, and the swift removal of a monarch might result in wholesale national conver-

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sion. Henry VIII through a domestic whim turned England Protestant. His was a one-man religious movement which switched over most of his subjects, and the opposition made careful (though unsuccessful) plans for his assassination.

Perhaps the best-organized assassins after the Assassins proper were the nineteenth-century Russian Nihilists, men with anarchist ideals. Turgenev and Dostoievsky have drawn their psychological portraits to perfection in their colorful writings; and the successful assassination of Czar Alexander II in 1881 marked the high-point of Nihilist success in their endless struggle against the Czarist secret police, whose terroristic methods were almost as severe as those of the Nihilists themselves. In fact the Czarist Ochrana was at times known to promote assassination plots, in order to busy themselves in their suppression and thereby justify their pampered existence. In Russia it was catch-as-catch-can.

"Propaganda of the deed" was the philosophical basis for Nihilist assassination, and one of its prophets was the wild revolutionist, Bakunin, father of scientific anarchism. The later "direct action" of Fascism was derived from this sinister school of dynamic activity. The Nihilists never had connections with the Bolshevists (founded in 1903) and, after Bolshevism took the reins of power in Russia, the Nihilist fragments took action against them, as when Lenin was seriously wounded by the young Dora Kaplan in 1918.

Assassination has accounted for three American Presidents, Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, and there have been strange rumors as to the death of Harding. Both Roosevelts have undergone attempted homicide, as have many other of our native sons. It has been alleged that the Confederate secret service planned the assassination of Old Abe during the later stages of the Civil War, and even tried its hand at bungling bacteriological warfare in Northern troop-concentration camps. Andersonville prison in Georgia was considered in the North as an institution promoting mass-assassination of captured soldiers, and its harsh commandant, the Swiss Major Wirt, was executed in 1865 for his "efficiency." John Wilkes Booth, murderer of the great war President, was of course a madman without official or authoritative sponsoring of any kind. So were the slayers of the liberal Garfield, and the conscientious McKinley, real losses to the nation.

Japan, meanwhile, has shown herself a firm believer in assassination for the furtherance of national weal. Premier Hamaguchi, Baron Dan, Junnosuke, Inouye, and countless other prominent figures have been done away with by political foes as enemies of their country. Bankers and pacifists have suffered especially at the hands of religious young officers with Fascist leanings, who honorably detest peace and plutocracy, while they strive for what they consider a national predestination. Christian background has, to date, deterred the Occident from widespread assassination; but the Japanese, without this inhibition, give free reign to "bumpings-off" just as the Ancients did. Individual human life means little in the Japanese psychology, and the frequent occurrence of patriotic suicide exemplifies this. Against one-man torpedoes and air-bombs, along with scientific assassinations and the suicides of unsuccessful statesmen, the helpless West acknowledges itself at a loss. It simply isn't cricket.

Strangely enough, assassination was not utilized in the World War. True it is that the Serbian Blackhand planned and executed the death of the Austrian Crown Prince, Franz Ferdinand, at Sarajevo in 1914; and that this murder was the direct cause of Armageddon. But once the international conflict developed, the higher-ups lived in perfect safety despite wild rumors to the contrary. The deaths of such key-men as Ludendorff, Clemenceau, or Lloyd George, or even Woodrow Wilson, would have greatly affected the progress of the struggle; but to the great credit of both sets of contestants (after all, the leaders valued their own lives) the assassination weapon was kept in the discard, along with systematic cannibalism and legal torture. Outside of these Christian restraints, the sky was the limit—as Nurse Cavell and the ricketty children of Germany could have testified. Or were the British hunger-blockade and the German submarine campaign forms of assassination at its most vicious? There is a school of thought to this effect.

Brutus was a stout Roman republican, who did away with the dictatorial Caesar in the senate chamber. Charlotte Corday was a charming young lady with liberal ideals, who murdered Marat in his bath because of his dictatorial policies of Red violence. Charlotte, unquestionably, had a Brutus-complex, as did John Wilkes Booth, who cried out "Sic semper tyrannis!" as he finished with Lincoln. Marat, with his *Ami du Peuple,* was the father of yellow journalism and considered himself a Brutus in respect to the tyrannical Louis XVI, who visited the sharp-tongued guillotine.

And after the World War Brutuses abounded all over Europe, but especially in post-war Germany. Here the demobilized ex-officers were out of jobs and dissatisfied with the new defeatist order of things. They banded into Rightist athletic clubs, choral societies, veterans' associations, and agrarian colonies, and worked at direct-action politics with a fierce vengeance. In four years they had assassinated 354 Leftists, including Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Kurt Eisner, Mat Erzeberger, and Walter Rathenau.

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The Left retaliated, but with only a paltry 22 assassinations during the same period. Agents of assassination, as among the original Assassins, were fanatical youngsters with warped ideals; and many of these Rightest gangs eventually gravitated into the rising Hitler movement, where they formed the nuclei for storm-troop leadership. In Italy, meanwhile, Fascists murdered Matteotti, the chief parliamentarian in opposition to Benito Mussolini; and the red and white terrors in Hungary, under Bela Kun and Admiral Horthy respectively, worked wonders in the assassinatory art.

It is very probable that the next great war, if there is one, will utilize assassination freely, along with the mass-destruction of civilians from the air, bacteriological tactics and all types of unpleasant gases. The modern mind and taste stop at nothing, and science and bestiality have formed an alliance of extraordinary power. In the Frankenstein legend the laboratory produced the abysmal brute, and vice versa, to the utter dismay of humanity. The modern assassin even if he be a Chicago gangster, has the best of modern scientific equipment and his procedure is carefully charted by experts in liquidation. The present peace we are enjoying is not exactly idyllic, but the "coming" war with its profiteering scientists and assassins—arch-patriots all—will be distinctly non-utopian.

CATHOLICS AND THE CRISIS

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IN A PREVIOUS article recording some notes of a recent European journey, I said that in all the countries I visited I found that the people I met (and indeed, I think, the people in general) could be divided into a minority who were what might be called "crisis-conscious," and a majority for whom what was going on in the world, especially in their own parts of the world, merely seemed to be a temporary disturbance of the ordinary courses of life—a financial or industrial depression, or "hard times," or political, or social flurries, ranging from threats of war to labor troubles. On the other hand, the "crisis-conscious" people shared a common conviction that society was in a state of flux out of which a new and as yet undefinable order (or disorder) of civilization was struggling to emerge. The "crisis-conscious," I went on to say, differed widely and often radically in their notions, concerning the causes of the crisis, and in their ideas of how the crisis may be solved—provided they thought this possible.

Finally, after stating my own conviction, for what it might be worth, that the "crisis-conscious" people are right, I said that only the Holy See possessed the solution by which the crisis even yet could be guided, or mitigated, so that the new order of life emerging everywhere might be humanly tolerable. But I immediately raised a further question, namely: are Catholics listening, and paying any real heed to, the voice of Peter?

Answering that question individually (in the hope of starting helpful discussion of it) it is my belief, based upon my observations and experiences during my recent journey abroad, in the course of which I talked with Catholics of all degrees of prominence and leadership, both ecclesiastical and lay, that the Catholics of the western world share to a lamentable and possibly disastrous degree all the base obsessions and fantastic illusions, the false optimism and the still falser pessimism, of the disordered world of which they form a minor part. Nowhere is there a truly Catholic nation: the Catholic culture is in exile; Catholics exist everywhere in a minority condition. Yet even so, if they were unified not only in faith, and hope and charity, but in real and tangible and practical supernational culture, and in the awareness of each other's work, and sympathy with and understanding of the various national problems which all Catholics must face, together with their non-Catholic fellow citizens—if so united, the part they might play would be a unified, directing, super-corporate center of reforming energy working for the salvation, humanly speaking, of all societies; of humanity itself. But, ah, tragedy of all tragedies! Far too many of the children of Peter are infected with the poison of ultra-nationalism; with the rabies of race-madness; they are confused by the counsel of Mammon; they are divided by deep and dangerous conflicts of opinions with which their Catholic principles are at logger-heads—sometimes, and sadly, unconsciously so to themselves.

For example: not perhaps a formidable one, but illustrative of my point. A German priest who has worked for the Church in India for many years, writes a book about India which he begins with some words that, as Father Zacharias reviewing the work in *Blackfriars* remarks, sound like they were paraphrased from Herr Goebbels; something about the "Aryans . . . being the human race which has proved culturally the most capable"; going on with other remarks about "the almost race-pure Aryans who meditate about the Divine Essence and who create literary master-

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pieces." A race admirable to Europeans, as objects of learned study; but he strongly advises the native Indians to limit themselves to intellectual and literary matters and leave politics (their own politics!) to the Anglo-Saxon Paramount Power. In other words, this German priest, after all his years of working for the Catholicizing of the Indians still considers them as necessarily (fatally? biologically?) a subject race even (presumably) after accepting the Life of Christ, which makes men free.

Again. The present writer and another American, the distinguished editor of the *Catholic World,* attended a dinner in London at which were present some eighty to a hundred Catholic editors, authors and reporters, priests and laymen. And two of the leading speakers, one of them a great veteran, the other among the most brilliant of recruits, made speeches which most vividly, and more or less amusingly, and very acidly, portrayed all the points of difference which make Americans, according to them, such complete foreigners to the English—indeed, to Europeans in general. Max Beerbohm's remark that Americans were in fact as different from Europeans as Hottentots was quoted to laughter and applause. Both speakers agreed that there were many Catholics in that fantastic foreign place; and that a visiting Englishman might go to Mass in the United States and feel himself at one with the Americans, at Mass; but that, apparently, began and ended their communion.

Now I, for one, agree with the thesis that the Americans and the English are quite different nations. But—letting all questions of superiorities or inferiorities in our respective national constitutions, cultures or even our manners remain undebated—what, I ask (what in the name of God and His Church) is to happen to English and American Catholics if they cannot despite all their radical national differences, work together, and work with Catholics of other nations and races, even outside of Mass? Are they to place their national interests, or their particular national cultures, or their commercial interests (one of the aforesaid English Catholics devoted most of his speech to ridiculing the apparently insane notion of Americans that there were such things as war debts), or their pride of place in war, or trade, above their common interests as Catholics, even when they are dining together as Catholics to discuss, as at least the Americans supposed, the common dangers of Caesarism, and paganism, and ultra-nationalism, and Mammonism, which everywhere challenge and seek to destroy the common Christian values?

Or again—and what is now said of European Catholics applies of course even more obviously to American Catholics—once again: Are educated and well-to-do Catholics, "leading Catholics," great lawyers, and big business men, and little business men as well (the little, terrified men!) to continue ignoring, where they do not actively obstruct or defy, the effort of the Pope and the hierarchy throughout the world, and of the handful of heroic priests who strive to obey the will of the Church, in the matter of really, practically, actively forming a Catholic movement for real, practical, active social and economic reform before it becomes too late to talk about any reform, and before either Socialism or mammonized Fascism, in some shape or other, strikes down all our liberties—those of the Church as well as those of the people at large?

Enough has been said, I think, to illustrate the conviction this article is meant to express: that something must be done, and done quickly, to rally Catholic Action to meet the crisis—not only this or that paricular national crisis, or industrial, or war crisis; and not only the general, universal crisis, but the crisis within Catholicism itself.

That crisis exists: it would be idle to deny it; it is there, in spite of all the splendid signs and proofs of vigorous, resurgent Catholic Action, thought, literature, art, life—and above all other things, sanctity, and self-sacrifice, and devotion.

But it does seem to me, and I can only speak for myself, as a humble journalist working as best he may between the lines of the Church, and the lines where the camps of the terrible enemies of the Church are entrenched, and being daily pushed forward—it does seem to me, I repeat, that after the great encyclicals, and the allocutions, through which our Holy Father has once and for all expressed for Catholics just what the issues are which confront them, and their world, that one last great sign has been given from Rome as to the nature of the Catholic Action which now will be necessary. After generations of lackadaisical dawdling, and trying to make the best of two incompatible worlds—the world of Christ and the world of Mammon—now that sign comes in the form of the canonization of Fisher and More, bishop and layman. Both were faithful to Christian world unity when the prince of this world had seduced or terrified nearly all their companions into the heresy of secular supremacy. That prince comes again, his banners are advancing in all countries. Again the great question is raised: Christ or Caesar? Will God give us heroes once again, to rally the rest of us? Pending the test of heroism, can we not at least have some real standing-up for what we profess? Cannot, for example, the International Catholic Press Congress at Vatican City next year be made the occasion for one last, supreme effort to make Catholics of all lands unite, as Catholics? They have nothing but the chains of Mammon and of Caesar to lose: they have a world to gain for Jesus Christ.

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WHAT HAS BROKEN DOWN?

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

Of comments on that mainspring of world economic activity, the money system, there has been no dearth. We are publishing herewith the first of two papers by Christopher Hollis, whose books are well known to a considerable number of American readers. The present article endeavors to answer the question: "What has broken down?" Since such discussions are inevitably affected by changing events, we wish to point out that Mr. Hollis is not responsible for the time between the writing and publishing of these papers.—The Editors.

IT IS common these days to hear on the one hand loose and sweeping statements that the world's monetary system has broken down, on the other hand to be told that all that is required is the removal of restrictions, tariffs or quotas and that then prosperity will flow freely back to mankind. In such circumstances nothing, I conceive, can be more valuable than an inquiry into the question, what exactly it is that has broken down. Humpty-Dumpty, we are all agreed, has had a great fall, and most of us are agreed that he can never be put together again. But we are not by any means agreed who Humpty-Dumpty is. It would be perhaps too much to hope that one could possibly write on these subjects without arousing somebody's opposition. Yet it is not my intention here to say anything controversial but simply to attempt to give the answers to two questions of fact. What was the monetary system of the pre-war world? How far is it true that the conditions requisite for the working of that system no longer exist? How far is it true, that is to say, that the reestablishment of the pre-war system is therefore an impossibility?

Now great confusion has crept into many minds by the loose bandying about of the phrase, "gold standard." From this bandying it is often thought that any monetary system, in which a country's monetary supply is at all related to gold, is a reestablishment of the pre-war system. But the pre-war system had many more conditions than the simple one that the monetary supplies of the leading countries should be related to gold. I do not know if an admirable book by Sir Clement Morgan Webb, called "The Rise and Fall of the Gold Standard," has found its way over to the United States. If not, I heartily recommend it to some enterprising American publisher. In that book Sir Clement shows with most admirable lucidity that the world was ruled successively by two entirely different gold standards—the pre-war gold standard, which he calls the sterling standard, and the post-war standard, which he calls the dollar standard. Of that pre-war standard in its own day he is an admirer far more whole-hearted than the present writer. His very admiration makes the more interesting his understanding that that day has passed away.

Now what was this pre-war standard? Its essential condition was that the monetary supplies of all the important countries of the world should be either wholly or partially dependent on their gold holdings. Each of these countries then held a certain stock of gold. They traded with one another. As a general rule, their trade was either an exchange of goods against goods (through, of course, the machinery of bills, etc.), or an export of goods from one country to another on deliberate loan. Nor indeed was there any sense in having international trade at all unless it be in the long run an exchange of goods against goods. But it might so happen that an Englishman wanted some automobiles from America at a moment when no American happened to want any English goods or no Englishman happened to have any convenient surplus. Then, to effect the balance temporarily, to prevent the inconvenience of a block on the line of trade, the Englishman might pay in gold. And the beauty of such payment was, it was argued, that, upsetting equilibrium, it only did so in such a way as to create conditions which would make the reestablishment of equilibrium almost certain.

For, if a certain stock of gold left England and went to America, obviously the result would be that there would be slightly less gold in England and slightly more in America. Now the price-level in any country is settled by the relationship between the money in circulation and the goods in circulation. If you increase the amount of money in circulation, prices rise; if you decrease it, prices fall. Therefore, if a quantity of gold is moved from England to America, the result, unless for some further reason there should chance to be a sudden change in the velocity of circulation, is that the price-level in England falls a little and that in America rises a little. The result of that is that the English buy a few more American goods and the Americans buy a few less English goods. Therefore the new balance is slightly in favor of England and the gold moves back again to England. The effect of the use of the gold has been to compel equilibrium.

The incidental complications of the machinery by which the issue of credit was managed did not at all affect the fundamental truth that that was

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the principle by which the pre-war international gold-standard worked. Now a lot of people imagined that it was that standard to which the European countries returned when at the various dates throughout the 1920's they returned to gold. But manifestly it was not.

By the 1920's the United States were the greatest creditor country of the world. They were also a highly protectionist country. Now it might not unfairly be argued that the United States, by keeping up their tariffs when they had become a creditor country, were bidding a defiance to the pre-war system. For it was the essence of the pre-war system, as of all systems of international money-lending, that great creditor countries should be free-trade. History has no example of a protectionist creditor. But let us follow through what would necessarily have happened if you in America had attempted to play the game according to the pre-war rules. The United States were owed money and their tariff prevented them from being paid in goods. (Whether the debts were for war loans or industrial loans makes no difference at all; people sometimes talk as if, once the problem of war loans was solved, the problem of industrial loans would be easy, but that is plainly false.) The important truth is that you in America were owed money and refused to be paid in goods (it does not matter in the least what you were owed it for). Therefore you had to be paid in gold—as you were. Now, according to the pre-war system, that gold, as soon as it was received in America, should have been given its full monetary effect. The result would have been an enormous bound upward in American prices in the 1920's. They would have risen to fantastic levels—to levels so high that, even in spite of the tariff, foreign goods would have been able to undersell American goods on the American market, and gold would have flowed back from America to those foreign countries in payment for them.

Of course you in America refused to play the game. It was not President Roosevelt who refused to play the game nor Western radicals. It was Wall Street and a stand-pat Republican administration. Personally, I think that they were quite right. I think that, if they had attempted to sabotage the American wage-level by letting cheap foreign goods find their way onto the American market, the result would certainly have been misery and probably civil war. But, however that may be, whether they were right or wrong, that is what your rulers did. They refused to allow their gold to have its full monetary effect and their prices to take care of themselves. Instead they sterilized their gold and kept their prices stable. Doing so, they killed the pre-war monetary system. It was killed by Wall Street.

Unfortunately in spite of the warnings of a few economists, like Mr. Keynes, we in England did not see the difference between this post-war dollar standard and the pre-war sterling standard. We continued to play the game—the pre-war game—in a post-war world. As a result, not only did we have to pay our debts to America in gold but we had to pay everybody else's, too. For Great Britain, being the only important free-trade country in the world, was the dumping ground for the goldless, low-wage countries of the European Continent. Unable to pay the Americans in gold, these nations dumped their cheap goods in England and paid the Americans with the English gold which they received for it. At the same time we were on the gold standard—the pre-war gold standard. Our monetary supply was regulated by our gold holdings. The result was that throughout the last years of the 1920's we were compelled to submit to a drastic domestic deflation. Down came tumbling all our English prices, and as a consequence we were visited by all that suffering of unemployment and underproduction which falling prices cause.

But our falling prices had a consequence even more disastrous than that. When prices fall, the prices of primary products always fall much more precipitously than do the prices of manufactured articles. The manufacturer can adjust his supply to the demand week by week; the primary producer has to calculate a year ahead. Therefore he is caught by a sudden deflation. The price of his product falls almost to nothing, while his debt still stands at a figure proportioned to his pre-slump income.

Now Great Britain happens to be overwhelmingly the greatest importer in the world both of food and of the other great primary products, cotton and wool. Therefore an English deflation is much more than a domestic blunder; it is a world calamity. As you in America know only too sadly to your cost, the price of cotton and wheat came tumbling down, and it was the collapse of these prices which ruined the American primary producers and was largely responsible, if not wholly responsible, for the collapse of your prosperity. The same collapse spread ruin and poverty throughout our British dominions, which live by the export of food and wool to England, and shook the foundations of the British Empire.

Thus we reach the conclusion that the pre-war system could only again work if the leading creditor country, the United States, should consent to become a free trade country and to accept goods in payment of its debts. Now, under conditions of free trade, your Cobdenite will, as in duty bound, buy in the cheapest market. The cheapest market will tend to be the market in which labor can be hired for the least wages. Inefficient labor, although immediately cheap, may, it is

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true, prove ultimately dear. But with increasing mechanization even that factor is coming to be of less and less importance. A hundred and ten Chinese coolies, it is calculated, working in an iron foundry, have about the same productive capacity as a hundred Pittsburgh workers, their wages being one-fifteenth that of the Americans.

The cheapest market will then tend to be that in which labor is hired for the least wages, and the wage-levels in all other countries will if Cobdenism is to rule have to come down to that of the lowest-paid country. Now that means that, if America brought down her tariff, not merely would her wages have to come down to the European level. They would have to come down to the oriental level. For one of the main new factors of the post-war world is the emergence of Japan as an industrial country, already able to manufacture many of the articles which are turned out by the European and American factory and no doubt soon to be able to manufacture them all. That is an entirely new factor, undreamed of when Cobden planned his Utopias, in which, whatever the phrases about the brotherhood of man, he never in fact seriously envisaged competition other than between European workmen between whom the differences of wages were not absolutely unbridgeable.

Therefore I do not think it too dogmatic to say that the return to the old pre-war system is simply not one of the practical alternatives before the world today. You can no more go back to it than you can go back to Wednesday in last week. It is indeed just possible though not, I hope and pray, probable that some gentlemen may get themselves elected to power, whether in the United States or in England, on a program of a return to the old system. But, if they make a serious attempt to apply that program they will infallibly bring their countries to catastrophe.

We used to be told that we must put up with slightly fluctuating prices in order to enjoy the enormous boon of stable international exchange rates, without which international trade would be impossible. But it is one thing to have prices fluctuating slightly, now up, now down; it is quite another to submit ourselves to prices continuously and steadily falling, to a permanent deflation—the inevitable fate of all countries that owe money to the United States, so long as those countries remain on the gold standard and the United States refuse to take payment of their debts in goods. There is no known instance in history of a nation tolerating for long a falling price-level, nor is it likely that history will furnish such an example. Besides, what good could stable exchanges, bought at such a price, do to anybody? It may be a great advantage to our foreign customer to know just how many pounds he will get for his dollars under normal circumstances; it is no advantage to him at all if he has no notion how many goods he will get for his pounds.

A DON BOSCO IN EVERY PARISH

By JOHN E. GREEN

DURING the past five years the youth of America who came from school ready to plunge into the economic life of our country found that for them there was no economic life. In the collapse which came to its peak in the latter part of 1932, sound and solid institutions were crashing all around. It was difficult for anyone to think and plan constructively in such unprecedented conditions, but the situation should never have become as damaging as it has.

Something which might have helped can still be put into use to the advantage of members of the Catholic Church, through its organization into parish lines. The proposition I have in mind came to me as a result of observing employment agency lines. Great anxiety is evident on the part of young and old who go from place to place, looking for work, begging for work, demanding work, but seldom finding it. This is an old story, entirely too old, and I offer a constructive thought here, which at least should cause discussion and perhaps lead to a solution of the needs of many.

All parishes have a building, the church; others have buildings, which include the church, rectory, school and convent. Here Catholic parish life is centered. Here we have our social gatherings—card parties, amateur shows, basketball games—and of course to the main building, the church, come all members of the congregation on Sundays and holy days, and on other occasions. Somewhere, in every parish, there is room to be put to the use of the unemployed.

Suppose the pastor appoints one of his assistants to start a Clinic for the Unemployed to be maintained in some part of these buildings. On Sunday, the pastor announces that all of the unemployed are invited to attend a meeting on a certain day, the purpose being to classify the unemployed as to age, occupation, experience, aptitude, education or any other pertinent information. Several will be found with clerical aptitude and they can take over the major part of the clerical work and typing. At this meeting, the purpose is outlined in greater detail.

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First, each individual is interviewed and classified as to his prospects. All those who through physical defects, or age, might slow up the work, are put in a special class for further study of their cases. Those young in age and mind are placed in groups; each of these groups will be talked to and encouraged by members of the parish fitted for this purpose—business men, professional men and artizans. The fact that the parish is interested in their plight will be most encouraging. Not only can they be instructed on how to dress, making the best use of their clothes, in approaching a prospective employer, but one person may be able to help another to make up a presentable wardrobe; and the employed in the parish will be most anxious to do this. This is important, because there is no doubt that the appearance of a person may either secure him a hearing or result in a definite turndown. The necessity of polished shoes, pressed clothing and neat hair trim should be stressed and all should be helped, if necessary, to have these things.

Now, to keep the mind alert, individuals can be instructed as to how to pursue a free evening course which might be beneficial in preparing them for their line of work, for bettering their chances and for keeping their minds active and therefore ready to function when looking for a job, and holding it after it is obtained. The services of artizans in the parish can be utilized in the giving of instructions and hints helpful to apprentices. Classes in typing and bookkeeping might be arranged in some of the parishes which have the equipment. There is no doubt that in the large city parishes there are a sufficient number of professional people who will gladly help instruct these unemployed.

Meanwhile, of course, business houses can be contacted to see if there are vacancies of any kind. Individuals promptly dispatched to apply for any suitable opening are instructed to report back as to whether or not the job is obtained. If unsuccessful, another can be sent who might do the work, and encouragement can be given to the one who could not fill the job.

Out of these groups, suggestions may be forthcoming for the construction of various little objects which could be sold, the profit for which of course would revert to the one who did the work. Also there might develop plans for a small business in which several could participate.

In the winter, requests for heater tenders, snow shovellers, animal exercisers, window washers or diverse types of house-workers, including someone to mind babies, could be here made and workers supplied. In the summer, requests for someone to put up awnings, clean cellars or yards, cut grass or do any other particular job which might come to the minds of those interested, could be satisfied.

Now, this certainly is not a panacea for the cure of the unemployment situation in the country. But it will satisfy the needs of many, much good can be accomplished in the interest and encouragement given, and while the unemployed youth are participating in this they are not getting into trouble. And last but not least, there might be developed in one or many of our parishes another Don Bosco, another Saint John Bosco—and Holy Mother Church indeed needs several right at this time.

Fire

Somewhere, in darkened timbers, stirred
A frond of flame, unseen, unheard,
Curling a finger here and there,
Probing a way to light and air,
Seeking to grant a strange desire
Imprisoned in the soul of fire,
Feeling its blind, instinctive path
Through mortar dust and arid lath.
Now it climbs through silent walls,
Searching ceilings, doors and halls,
Gaining boldness as it goes
Clicking across the night's repose.
The mice, long prisoned from the day,
Pause in their nibbling and their play,
Glimpsing a strange and bright disaster
Down their long, dark streets of plaster. . . .
Now it sweeps across the floor,
Now it swings beyond a door,
Now it lengthens toward the stair,
Thrusting tendrils everywhere,
Straining like a murderous vine
Up the stairway's curved design.
Intent on neither ill nor good,
It seeks the simplest way through wood,
Caring not if flesh or bone
Beset the path it runs alone. . . .
Now its bright, impersonal greed
Strangles all that may impede;
Nothing man has spread or hung
Escapes the sharp twigs of its tongue.
Without restraint, without reproof,
It leaps triumphant through the roof,
Engulfing in its upward flow
More than the street will ever know;
With crackling beam and reeling rafter
Perish the scenes of love and laughter;
The soft words filtered into wood
On intimate nights are gone for good;
The sheltered ghosts of other days
Go shrieking, homeless, through the haze.

From stolid sleep the people come
To view the night's delirium,
Wondering as the timbers toss
What will be the final loss.

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS.

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THE MAN FROM BINGEN

By VINCENT ENGELS

FRITZ was thirty-two when he came to this country from Bingen—"ya Bingen, vare de big stdadue is" —and that was thirty years ago. Now he is partly bald, but what is left of his hair is still a deep brown; he is erect, big shouldered and very strong. In winter he wears a spade-shaped beard, but when the earth begins to warm, and the first buds swell on the drooping stems of forsythia, Fritz sends out his razor to be honed. Summer, and the cutworms, must be met with a soldier's glistening face.

Considering that I see so much of him, I know very little about him. I know that he has two married daughters, and that the wife of his youth is still alive, but will not abide with him. I know that he worked for the Department of Agriculture, at one of the experimental gardens, from the time he came to this country until we entered the war. I shall never ask him why he left so good a job, because once, when I meant to do so, the words came out backward. I heard myself asking him if he would care to get it back. He straightened himself. "Not if I vos hungry," he replied.

I know also that he is a naturalized citizen and a judge of politics. On the morning when the newspapers announced the election of Governor Ritchie, he offered to bet the mailman that they were wrong. "You'll hear anudder story," he said, "ven dem farmers wotes come in," and twenty-four hours later, of course, we did.

Coming from Bingen, he is an expert on grapes, but he is also a good all-around gardener. On some things, carnations, for instance, he is as full of information as a government bulletin. The experimental garden was particularly interested in carnations during his time there, and Fritz used to carry the pollen back and forth between the freakish descendants of a red and a pink carnation, until inevitably the day arrived when a carnation of the true golden color blosomed beneath an unastonished sun.

Nowadays he does no such delicate and famous work. Seeds from a commercial grower, and the commonest garden variety of shrubs and bulbs are all he has to work with. He seems content, although we try him severely. We bring him dried out rose bushes from the bargain counters, and expect him to do great things with them. We order the wrong kind of peat moss, and forget to order the poisons. We give work to tramps who knock at the door, and they stumble through the garden, neglecting weeds and hoeing up flowers, or lending a very heavy hand to the responding end of a cross-cut saw. He does not complain much. The maid, getting flowers for the house, ravages his standing borders and passes by the cutting beds, and the dog tears up at least 20 percent of all transplanted seedlings. Fritz says only, "Ach, dot dogk!" and at the end of the day, will pause on the path to caress him, and look him over for ticks and fleas, so that our dog is freer of such things than any other field and garden dog in Maryland.

And yet he is not a man of even temper. And he has anything but a good and amenable disposition. He is jealous and sensitive and stubborn. He is deaf when deafness is convenient. He is absent minded with the hoe. He cannot take the weather as it comes, or flowers as they grow. One rainy day when the world smelled and looked its very best, I came upon him in the doorway of the garage, sullenly regarding the sky, muttering that he was "dam zick and tired of dese dam Abel zahrs," and so in revenge he took a sickle and mowed down the jonquils that had still a week to bloom.

On another morning, when I had some writing to do, I had been tormented by the sound of his hoe scraping across the brick walk in the arbor. He stopped, and I was content. But then he called to me in a voice so thick and loud that I jumped for the window. He was holding up two hands full of leaves and broken vines. "Vot you tink I found down here?" he said, and his face was red. "A couple of big fadt gatterbillars. I never see dem down here before. Gatterbillars! It's de rain vat do's it. I make a mess of dem dirty tings, you watch and see. I pute some arsenate in de Blue Rock"—this last being his name for Bordeaux Mixture.

Of course that was a hot day, and before coming to the arbor he had been working many hours in the sun. I had noticed before this that fatigue could make him something less than perfect. Toward the end of the day, for instance, it is better not to ask him to drop whatever he may be doing for something else. If he should be hoeing among the roses, he will hoe at five o'clock as strongly as at noon. His head will be a little lower, and his expression more set and grim, but the hoe swings along at the same unslackened pace. Then if you should ask him forthwith to move one of the bushes to another bed, or to do anything else at all, however simple, he seems to collapse. He doubts your judgment. He will have nothing to do with it. He says, "Vell—" and looks at his hoe, "it von't vork," and goes back to his hoeing. If you order him to come along, nevertheless, he will do so, but tells you over and over again, "You're going to rune dot blent."

Winter. We had a snowfall a week last February, and toward the end of the month he came in looking very discouraged. There was nothing to do. He had mended the ladders, prepared the hotbeds, taken out a few dead trees, and now he could do nothing more until the snow went away. "Dis vetter," he sighed. "Ve never get dis blace in shape."

I said he might clip the honeysuckle which had begun to entangle the climbing roses along the back fence. "No, no," he said, "ve never get de roots oudt in dis vetter." No, but we might cut away the upper vines before they pulled the fence out of shape.

He stared at me, and said nothing. His eyes had a flat, dead look; he sat there like a very old man. Ordinarily he seems fifty; at that moment he was eighty-nine and done for. I saw that it was not work he wanted, but only someone to agree with him that this weather would be the ruin of everything. And I did, but it was too late, then. Toward noon, when I thought he had

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gone home. I saw him hacking at the honeysuckle. He was taking no pleasure in the work, and when he had finished, about three o'clock, he said good-night without a smile.

It is not good to have seen a man in his hour of weakness. You are likely to remember it in his hour of triumph.

I have said that he is strong, and he is. We had a bad storm recently, and next morning all the unemployed of Washington came through our neighborhood, looking for odd jobs. We hired a couple of them to clean the place of debris, and to cut down a damaged maple. This tree was thirty-five or forty feet high, and about six inches through at the butt. It stood not far from a much bigger elm tree, and to the left of the elm was, and still is, a clump of rhododendron. Fritz showed the men how to notch the tree so that it would fall away from the rhododendron, and went off to spray the roses.

Perhaps they did not understand him; at any rate they notched the tree too far to the left, and stood helplessly aside as it wavered, cracked, and leaned toward the rhododendron. There was a shout—"Look oudt! Look oudt. Swing her before she falls, you—ump!" and Fritz tore between them, his hands outstretched, charged the falling tree and swung it to the right just as the last fibers cracked, the butt leaped high of the stump, and the top came crashing down to lodge in a crotch of the big elm. One of the men picked up a ladder, meaning to climb the elm and cut the maple free. But Fritz, still greatly excited, grabbed up the butt of that maple and began to lash it back and forth, trying to break off the top. When that failed, he hoisted it to his shoulder and ran with it until the top scraped free and fell. It looked easy, because it was done so fast. But try it some time. Red maple is a heavy wood: "specific gravity, 0.6178," says the tree book. "weight of cu. ft., 38.50 lbs." And then the entire crown of that tree had to be pulled through the fork of the elm.

Fritz had lost his cap when he first shook the tree. He picked it up. He looked at the men we had hired to help him. He said, "Now ven you fellers get back to the Relief Committee, tell dem you seen someding," and went back to the roses.

That is the way, it seems to me, in which a great man should behave. And so when I see our two-year-old anxiously heading for the garden every morning, I understand. I know how it is. I know how I feel myself, after a week during which we have given Fritz up for lost, and I discover that he has returned. He does not stop at the house, you understand, but goes straight to his work, as a man opens the door of his home, without knocking. And at the moment when you are thinking that he is gone for good this time, and you had better be finding a man to take his place, you may see a sudden lurch of the canes that grow on the other side of the fence, and momentarily he will be revealed to you, legs widely braced, as he completes the circle of his scythe; or a soft hissing sound will call your attention to the grape arbor, and you know that you will find him there, deep in its broken shade, delicately polishing the unwary gatterbillars with the pale blue spray of death.

Prologue

Lady that little hand is whiter than snow
Lady could any rain have made it so
No not even swans
Out on a twilit pond
Clouds . . .
And how do you move them so gracefully and slow
Delicately to and fro
(Delicacy would follow after wherever they should go)
Like a mute music of a falling snow
White as the hyacinths in a garden row
When a wind doth blow
Lady those little hands are whiter than snow
Lady could any rain have given them such snow
And where do you go?

Lady Lady Lady where do you go
And how shall we know?
Your garment of white in such easy flow
Collar of pale sapphire
Cuffs of light blue fire
Thin diamond the halo
And where do you go—
Will you not tell us?
Will you not tell us?
And how shall we know?

She walks among the silences of sheep
Out on the the clean pastures where they crop and creep
She passes along the silences they keep
She walks among the silences of sheep
And suddenly the ground lieing before them broke wide apart
And out of the deep gulf sounded a loud voice
And then a host of others answered it as if taking a part
"Time is the mercy Time is the mercy Time is the mercy."
"And bear us Dawns away"
"Time is the mercy Time is the mercy Time is the mercy."
And then the ground closed over it

And the serenity was in that face
Of old white lace
As she went on
Down the long white aisles of air
And Jesus shall meet her there
Holy and fair
Venite adoremus
And Jesus shall meet her there
Holy and fair
Down the long white aisles of air
In the Cathedral of Tranquillity
In the Cathedral of Eternity
(And all the voices were still)
Like a mute music of a falling snow
White as the hyacinths in a garden row
When a wind doth blow
Lady that little hand is whiter than snow
Lady no rain could have given it such snow.

Ross Edwards Pierce.

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THE JUDGMENT

By PADRAIC COLUM

NO SOONER had King Dermott got back to Tara than he heard of Colum-cille again, and again he heard of him in a way that was disturbing to his royal peace. Colum-cille's kinsmen, the Clann Conaill, had grown powerful and proud in the North, so powerful and proud that they gave scant allegiance to the King of Ireland. They had given support to the King of Connacht when he would have withheld the tokens of his subordination. That trouble had been brought to an end: the King of Connacht had sent a hostage to Tara, his own son, Curnan, and the Clann Conaill had gone surety for his good treatment. It was easy for them to do this, for it was a matter of pride with the King of Ireland to treat his hostages kindly and honorably. And now there was this disturbance: in a hurling-match between the youths of Tara, Curnan had struck with a hurling-stick the head of the son of the Chief Steward of Tara, and had left him dead on the field. Muttering to himself that everything that had to do with the Clann Conaill was difficult and disturbing, King Dermott ordered that Curnan be put by himself in a hut and kept there till the Chief Steward felt that he had had satisfaction for the death of his son. Then King Dermott sent for his lawyers to prepare judgment in the case that Colum-cille would bring before him.

The Chief Steward of Tara was an ill-willed and revengeful man. He took Curnan and put him in a hut that was at the outskirts of the royal demesne. He left him there, alone and in darkness, and without food or drink. This Dermott did not know. His lawyers were with him: he was delighted to find that they recommended a jdugment which would be in favor of Finnen and altogether against Colum-cille.

A day came when Colum-cille went to Tara and appeared before the judgment-seat of the King of Ireland. Notable people attended that assize—clerics and learned men and princes and famous artificers; Finnen was there also. The proceedings opened by his laying claim to the copy of the book that Colum-cille had made.

"Finnen would fasten us to a worn-out law," Colum-cille answered, and his voice rang in the open air like a battle-call. "Books are things different from other possessions, and any law that deals with them should recognize such difference. And we learned men who have received a new heritage of knowledge—what should we do but multiply and scatter the bocks that contain this knowledge? I maintain that Finnen's book is none the worse for my having copied it. And it is right that my copy should go to those who want to read what is in it and who are worthy to do so, and that they should make copies, too, and send them further. It was not wrong on my part to copy the book, seeing that there was no profit for me in my doing so, but only labor, and seeing that I had the desire to give profit to all the peoples of Ireland, and that without doing any damage to Finnen or to his book."

"We know nought of these new-fangled ways of talking about people's property," said King Dermott. "Our learned communities have always described a book copied as a 'child-book' and a book copied from as a 'parent-book.' These very terms imply that a person who has claim upon the one has claim upon the other." And then King Dermott gave his famous judgment from the judgment-seat of the Kings of Ireland. "I go back to ancient precedent—'Every calf goes with its cow'; every child-book goes with its parent-book; the copy that Colum-cille made stays with Finnen, and Finnen may do what it pleases him with it."

The learned men, the clerics, the princes, the famous artificers, applauded the judgment King Dermott gave. "A right-judging King indeed!" they said. "Only those who are wilfully blind will refuse to see the aptness of it. The wisdom of the ancients is in King Dermott; he is a bulwark to us against all those self-seekers who try to profit by a change that is coming over men's minds today."

All turned away from Colum-cille; no one spoke to him as he went away from the crowd that had stood before the judgment-seat of the King. The anger that Clann Conaill often felt about the kings at Tara flared up in him as he went down the slope. . . . If the descendants of Niall the Great had their rights, it would not be Dermott but one of the Clann Conaill who would be in the judgment-seat—perhaps he, Colum-cille himself!

As he was about to go out of the King's demesne he heard a man's voice. It came out of a barred hut. As he turned toward it he heard the voice cry, "A drink!"

"Who is within?" Colum-cille asked.

"Curnan, the son of the King of Connacht. A drink, a drink! I perish for lack of a drink!"

"Wert thou not, Curnan, under the security of the Clann Conaill?" Colum-cille said.

"The Clann Conaill is far away, and I perish here," Curnan said.

"You shall not perish," said Colum-cille. There were no guards at the hut; with a great stone he broke the bars of the hut. Then he saw Curnan: on the ground he lay, weak and emaciated, his eyes blinking in the light.

"I am Colum-cille of the Clann Conaill. Rise up and come with me."

"You are heaven-sent, Colum-cille. But can I go with you? I am a hostage from my father to King Dermott."

"I take you to your father. Come with me."

Thus Colum-cille did what the law forbade him to do—assist the running away of a hostage. He and Curnan had to creep past the guards. When they came to the tent that Colum-cille's attendants had set up outside the King's demesne, measure after measure of ale Curnan drank, a supply sufficient for three harvesters. Nine loaves and six plates of meat he ate. But he could not rest, for now horns sounded: the search for the hostage had begun. Colum-cille and Curnan hurried away, facing toward Connacht, his attendants going another way. And as they went on with King Dermott's men pursuing them, the wrath in Colum-cille's breast grew more and more.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—The Holy Father is celebrating this year the sixtieth anniversary of his profession as a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. * * * The Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems will hold eight regional conferences during the coming year. The meeting at Memphis under the sponsorship of Bishop Smith of Nashville will be the first conference of the organization to be held in the South. * * * Josephus Daniels, United States Ambassador to Mexico, headed the diplomatic corps when it assembled in the cathedral of Mexico City, August 30, for the celebration of the feast of Saint Rose of Lima (1586-1617), Patroness of the New World. * * * According to the *Interracial Review* of New York, Catholics comprise only 250,000 of the nation's 13,000,000 Negroes. Charles Edward Coles, who received the Sacrament of Baptism at the hands of Bishop Walsh of Newark, September 8, is the one thousandth convert at Our Lady Queen of Angels Church, Newark, in a period of five years. * * * The Most Reverend Ralph L. Hayes, Bishop of Helena, Montana, a native of Pittsburgh, has been named rector of the North American College at Rome. * * * In the regular list just issued by the Catholic Film Bureau of Prague, 27 of the 50 domestic and foreign films recommended to cinema owners as suitable for Catholics are American productions. * * * Cardinal Lienhart of Lille presided at the golden jubilee ceremonies of the Hospitalité de Notre Dame de Lourdes, which includes both the Association des Brancardiers and the Dames Infirmières. Among the 250 stretcher-bearers and hospitalers who came from Belgium, England, France, Ireland, Italy and Spain to attend the ceremonies were three of the founders and Gabriel Gargam who was miraculuously cured in 1900 and continues at the age of sixty-three to minister to the infirm. In 1934, the Hospitalité had more than 1,000 stretcher-bearers to help the 20,000 sick who came to this great shrine of Our Lady. * * * The late Queen Astrid of Belgium had been received into the Church on August 6, 1930, about four years after her marriage to Prince Leopold. * * * The solemn pontifical Mass which opens the National Conference of Catholic Charities at Peoria, Illinois, September 29, will be broadcast over the Columbia network from 10 to 10:30 a.m., Eastern Standard Time.

The Nation.—The unions continued their fight against the wage rates for W.P.A. work and Mayor La Guardia of New York went to Washington to try to get their demands answered in some way. A compromise, still below the theoretic prevailing schedule, will probably be offered. Meanwhile, in accordance with the plan worked out at Hyde Park, the W.P.A. hurried the inauguration of the innumerable small projects which must absorb millions of unemployed during the cold months. * * * During strike riots in Minneapolis two men were killed. A strike of workers in the Appalachian soft coal fields was again postponed while the United Mine Workers officials went into their sixth bicker of the year with operators over terms of a new contract. * * * The Guffey Coal Act, called the "little NRA" and vigorously attacked as unconstitutional, won its first court fight September 17 when a District of Columbia court refused to enjoin various of its operations. * * * Republican newspapers talked of enlisting an anti-Roosevelt Democrat as their vice-presidential nominee in next year's elections. * * * The first presidential election in the Philippines was held September 18 and Manuel Quezon was elected. This is the first important step in the ten-year program of separation from the United States. * * * The suicide of Mr. G. C. Hanson, a year ago considered the star of the diplomatic service and this year relegated by the State Department to punitive obscurity, has brought forth charges that the banks exerted improper pressure on our foreign service, that there are "pink tea" diplomats who accomplished his downfall; in short, that he was driven to death by unfair treatment. * * * The federal Public Health Service announced that the public is misled by declining death rate figures into thinking that the depression is good for our health. On the contrary, illness among those hit hard by the depression is 56 percent more prevalent than among those getting along tolerably well economically. * * * President Roosevelt announced plans for a trip west that he has worked out with James A. Farley and Charles Michelson, publicity director of the Democratic National Committee. There will be two major speeches at Boulder Dam and at San Diego. He will return on a cruiser via the Panama Canal, fishing en route. * * * The Veterans Administration officially estimated that $760,000,000 will be paid veterans and their dependents in 1935. This compares with $581,988,000 expended duing the year after the 1933 Economy Act.

The Wide World.—Il Duce dominated the news of an eventful and harried week. At Geneva the League Assembly closed with virtually all the powers in opposition to Italy. Representatives of twenty-three nations solemnly pledged their support to the League and to resistance against "aggression." The British Dominions outdid themselves. Uncompromisingly President Eamon De Valera supported defense of the League Covenant. Smaller European powers, notably the Scandinavian countries, protested against Mussolini's designs upon little Ethiopia. While the United States spoke in defense of the Kellogg Pact, Japan was admittedly hostile to a war likely to undermine her economic influence in East Africa. It remained to be seen whether Hitler would venture to espouse the Fascist cause. The Rome correspondent of the London *Morning Post* was assured by Il Duce that Italy had thrice attempted—the first

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time in January, 1935—to negotiate with the British government regarding Ethiopia, and had received nothing but evasive replies. "In the face of that silence," Mussolini was reported to have said, "there was only one way left, and I took it." * * * It was officially stated that 200,000 Italian soldiers had been landed in Africa, and that the cost of the campaign to date was 2,000,000,000 lire. On the other side 400,000 native troops were said to be in readiness. A heavy concentration of British warships in the Mediterranean was known to have been effected. Destroyers, capital ships and airplane carriers were gathered in especial force in the waters outside Alexandria, Egypt. Air-raid drills on Mediterranean islands recreated the atmosphere of war time. Finally it was reported that a huge British fleet had assembled off the coast of Greece. * * * The Reichstag was suddenly convened in Nuremberg by Chancellor Hitler, in order to defend Germany against Jewish attacks from abroad (see editorial comment). Five laws directed against Jewry were passed: marriages between Jews and German citizens are forbidden; extra-marital relations between Jews and German citizens are forbidden; Jews are not permitted to employ household servants under forty-five; Jews are forbidden to display the national flag, now the Nazi swastika; and Jews are permitted to display a flag of their own. But the Reichstag passed another law, declaring that citizenship could be conferred on "one who earns the right to that honor." Apparently this provides a loophole through which those few Jews who are used by the régime may be permitted to squirm. Doubts were also current whether the new laws would apply to all non-Aryans or only to full-blooded Jews. * * * France, torn between a desire to keep up friendly relations with Italy and the wish to maintain cooperation with Great Britain within the framework of the League, was said to be pressing a bargain for British support on the Continent in exchange for willingness to underwrite sanctions against Italy in case the attack on Ethiopia comes off. The dilemma was considered one of the most serious among the many which have tested French wits during recent years.

* * * *

The National Eucharistic Congress.—The Seventh National Eucharistic Congress will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, September 23 to 26. His Eminence Cardinal Hayes of New York is to arrive in Cleveland at noon the first day and there will be a liturgical reception of the Papal Legate at St. John's Cathedral at one o'clock. The civic reception of the Papal Legate will be held that evening at the Public Hall of Cleveland. The Congress will be formally opened on September 24, with a solemn pontifical Mass celebrated by Cardinal Hayes; the sermon will be preached by Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati. Archbishop Beckman of Dubuque will be the celebrant of the children's Mass, September 25, and Cardinal Hayes will deliver the sermon. Later in the morning Father Zatkovich, Chancellor of the Greek Diocese of Pittsburgh, will celebrate Mass in the Oriental Rite and preach on the identity of doctrine between the East and the West. The Most Reverend Amleto Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, will be the celebrant of a pontifical low Mass for men at twelve midnight. On September 26 Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans will be the celebrant of the Mass for women and Archbishop Glennon will preach on "The Holy Eucharist and Catholic Action of Women." At the General Assembly of the Congress to be held in the evening of September 24 there will be addresses by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen of the Catholic University, the Honorable Alfred E. Smith of New York and Mr. Joseph Scott, K.C.S.G., of Los Angeles. During the Congress there will also be sectional meetings for priests, Sisters, college men and women, nurses, journalists, public employees, social workers, professional men, parent-teacher groups and young men and young women. The Holy Father will deliver a radio message to the Congress from Castelgandolfo, Thursday, September 26, at five o'clock, Eastern Standard Time. His Holiness will confer the Apostolic Blessing in the course of the broadcast.

Constitution Day Speeches.—A number of American patriots were displeased to discover that Constitution Day had been made the occasion of many a public declaration on party politics with an eye to the 1936 presidential campaign. Republicans were vociferous in declaring their allegiance to the 5,500-word document adopted by the delegates to the Constitutional Convention, September 17, 1787. Secretary Roper gave what was considered to be the administration view in an address at Alexandria, Virginia. Quoting John Marshall, Abraham Lincoln, the United States Chamber of Commerce and Calvin Coolidge, he declared that the cry should be not "Back to the Constitution" but "Forward with the Constitution." He said that the American people would sooner or later have to answer the question, "If there is not sufficient constitutional authority for the federal government to deal properly with a devastating, nation-wide economic and social emergency, is it the will of the American people to amend their Constitution so that the federal government in times of acute distress nationally may by bold, direct action avert utter chaos?" At San Diego, California, former President Herbert Hoover addressed a crowd of 20,000, 6,000 of them school children on the Bill of Rights provisions, that he avers "are the invisible sentinels which guard the door of every home from invasion of coercion, of intimidation and fear. Herein is the expression of the spirit of men who would be forever free." At the Chicago Stadium Colonel Frank Knox, prominent Republican presidential candidate and publisher of the Chicago *Daily News,* declared, "Under the NRA, prior to its termination by a unanimous Supreme Court decision, the outright unconcealed purpose was to establish bureaucratic control over all forms of business and industrial life."

Louisiana after Long.—After seven years of listening to the late Senator Long, his home state and his vast nation-wide organization of Share Our Wealth clubs

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were finding difficulty in speaking for themselves. The inquest over his death was delayed to increase its political effect: his opponents wanting time to project the assassin as a martyr to free institutions, and his followers attempting to implicate Dr. Weiss publicly in a political plot of deliberate murder. At the inquest the Reverend Gerald K. Smith accused the district attorney of complicity in the plot and refused to answer his questions. Telegrams were sent to President Roosevelt asking for a federal investigation. The momentum of Long's rule over the state legislature was apparent when thirty-seven of the thirty-nine bills he proposed were passed before his burial. The gist of these laws was that the federal government should have absolutely nothing to say about what happens in Louisiana. It is believed that with Senator Long dead, although his group is likely to carry on past the next (January) primaries, it will not be able to and will not want to stay lined up so directly against Roosevelt and against the national government. T. Semmes Walmsley, anti-Long leader in New Orleans, has already visited Washington in an effort to work out coordination with the national administration and the Democratic party. The opponents of the Long group have apparently split more widely than their leaderless antagonists. It seems likely that Governor Allen will remain safely in office until he is succeeded by his Lieutenant Governor, James A. Noe. There is some question about who will get the senatorial chair, but Wade O. Martin, Long's Public Service Commissioner, will probably be the man. The Reverend Mr. Smith has provided most of the fireworks since the tragedy. He, the chief organizer of the Share Our Wealth clubs, is trying to succeed to the colorfulness of Long, to his influence over the poor and to his control of the clubs. The more political of the faction are definitely worried by his tactics. No one has been able to find whatever money Senator Long left.

War Debts Again.—The fact that war debts have not been paid and that failure to honor them contributes to the unsettlement of business are two facts of which few persons are ignorant. But what can be done about it? The U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce has been considering a plan drawn up by Mr. Thomas D. O'Bryan of Chicago. His premises are that the debts must be paid, that they cannot be paid in gold or dollar currency, and that therefore some proper medium must be suggested by the United States. The citizens of this country must "consume in enormous quantities" something produced by the debtor nations. "The only items which can be consumed in such quantities," says Mr. O'Bryan, "are cultural and recreational service to tourists or students, and other remittances such as charitable contributions. We have the capacity for this kind of consumption and they have the capacity to produce it." Briefly described, the machinery is as follows: the United States government would compute taxes levied to provide for amortization of and interest on the national debt in two categories, namely the part of the debt acquired at home and the part of the debt consisting of unpaid war-time obligations. Taxes paid on the second part would be refunded in the form of travel certificates, negotiable in the open market. It is probable that the price would range around 75 percent, so that the taxpayer would get a refund and the traveler a saving of one-fourth. In so far as foreign nations are concerned, their external obligations would be converted into internal obligations "in direct proportion to the volume of business created through the demand for services by American tourists." Mr. O'Bryan also reasons that the influx of travelers should expand the market for foreign products, which in turn would lead to greater exports from the United States. At the present rate of tourist expenditure the debt of Austria could be liquidated in five years, while the French debt would require forty-six years and the British debt two hundred years. More detailed expositions of the plan can be obtained by addressing the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The Influence of "Quadragesimo Anno."—A writer in *Schönere Zukunft,* of Vienna, notes that the esteem in which the reigning Holy Father's encyclical on social reconstruction is held contrasts refreshingly "with the relative indifference with which the official world greeted the appearance of the great social encyclical of Leo XIII, 'Rerum Novarum.'" It is particularly noteworthy that Catholic statesmen throughout Europe have openly and decisively acknowledged their indebtedness to "Quadragesimo Anno." Chancellor Dollfuss's many references to it are well-remembered glories of a time when Austria seemed to be dedicating itself to a new idealism. In Belgium a youth, Catholic Prime Minister Paul van Zeeland, whose efforts to cooperate with Social Democracy continue in a measure the tradition which used to be dominant in Germany, has again and again referred to "Quadragesimo Anno" as his guide. Believing that "industrial effort is a good servant of social progress when it is kept within bounds and controlled by the sovereign will of the people," Van Zeeland shuns every kind of fantastic romanticism. Similarly Gil Robles, Spanish Catholic leader, has declared upon many occasions that his organization continues to sponsor the principles of social justice outlined in the encyclicals. The *Schönere Zukunft* writer likewise calls attention to the similarity between the conclusions arrived at in "Quadragesimo Anno" and those incorporated in the Year Book issued by the International Labor Office of the League of Nations.

Among the Magazines.—Those interested in further periodical reading which comes under the broad topic of religion will find much to interest them in the current month's offerings. In that interesting new periodical *Wisdom,* which is edited for those bothered by questions pertaining to fundamental religion, we note in particular "Sceptics Explore the Deity," by the Reverend James M. Gillis (*Wisdom* is published at 32 West 60th Street, by the Trinity League). The September *Ecclesiastical Review* stages a lively argumentative duel between Monsignor William F. Murphy, of Detroit,

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and the Reverend Edward V. Dargin, of New York on "Priests in Politics." The *Christian Century* (issue of September 18) comments on the Williamstown Institute; *America* deals with the same subject editorially in its issue of September 14. The *Catholic Herald,* of London, has conducted a lively debate with Mr. Christopher Dawson, on the topic of Fascism and the Catholic ideal of the corporate state. The discussion was concluded in the issue of September 6. Notice in the *Catholic World* for September Michael Monahan's "My First Bullfight." *Liturgical Arts,* for the second quarter of 1935, gives especial prominence to "Aestheticism and the Liturgy," by the Reverend Gerald B. Phelan. To the scholarly reader we commend the book reviews and notes of the *Catholic Historical Review,* which grow increasingly excellent.

"The Columbia Encyclopedia."—The Columbia University Press is distributing now pre-publication issues of its most impressive work to date, a 5,000,000 word, one-volume encyclopedia. Reviewers have already noted down the number of words allotted to various subjects and people and started certain mild disputes about the emphasis in the monumental work, but it is likely that disputes over this encyclopedia will be fewer than over almost any one of the past. The function of encyclopedias has changed since their first great modern popularity in the eighteenth century. At that time they attempted to include the sum of human knowledge. The last one attempting to do this was discontinued in 1889 after 167 volumes had been published. In an encyclopedia it has long been impossible to satisfy scholars and specialists in their own particular subjects, so "first aid" tomes have gradually grown more popular, in the text introducing readers to the subject and in the bibliographies giving works which would give more adequate introductions but not exhaustive treatment. This new one is designed to be used with a dictionary and atlas to promote intelligent reading. Unlike the great French Encyclopedia of revolutionary times and the famous eleventh edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," it avoids polemics and narrow prejudices. Topics are treated in a purely informative manner, perhaps not always giving the information one would consider most important, but carefully ruling out statements of personal interpretation and prejudice.

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Relief Policies.—After talking with relief administrators for five hours on September 13, the President announced two policies. He will ask the next Congress to set up a permanent Civilian Conservation Corps to provide regularly for about 300,000 young men. He will also attempt to establish a permanent revolving fund to provide money for low-cost housing. These are the first indications of a fixed policy of federal relief for the unemployed. The Hyde Park conference was billed as a struggle between W.P.A. administrator Hopkins and P.W.A. administrator Ickes, the latter advocating large construction projects and the former small efforts with costs largely the payroll. Right now relief hiring is limited to 515,122 C.C.C. men, 248,110 in the W.P.A. and 70,331 in other agencies including the P.W.A. President Roosevelt still hopes that by winter he will make 90 percent good on his word to hire 3,500,000 from the relief rolls for useful work. Present calculations indicate that even at that the government would fall from 600,000 to 1,250,000 short of providing work for all employable relief cases. The idea is that W.P.A. will hire great numbers in November and carry them through until the spring construction season permits the P.W.A. to start its heavy construction work. Next June will find the P.W.A. at peak activity. Contracts for P.W.A. projects must be ready by December 15, 1935. The work must take no longer than a year to complete and must go on where there is a proper labor supply available on relief rolls. The cost to the federal treasury must not exceed $850 per workman (the federal government furnishes a maximum of 45 percent of the total cost). The P.W.A. has on hand about 12,000 proposed projects estimated to cost $2,500,000,000.

Farm Income.—The Bureau of Agricultural Economics at Washington estimated, September 11, that the cash income of the nation's farmers in 1935 would reach a total of $6,700,000,000, the highest figure in five years. This compares with a peak of $10,479,000,000 in 1929 and a low of $4,328,000,000 in 1932. Boom conditions are reported in many sectors of the Middle West, with agricultural machinery and building materials much in demand. Benefit payments from the A.A.A., which were $131,076,487 in 1933, rose to $396,425,308 in 1934, plus $100,000,000 spent for livestock in the drought areas. It is predicted that 1935 A.A.A. payments will amount to $585,480,625. Agricultural bureau officials said that the increase in farm income was due almost entirely to livestock and livestock products, which reported for the first six months of this year a gain of over $300,000,000 in comparison with 1934. On September 15, the Brookings Institution announced that price rises in the livestock industry were due chiefly to the drought. Dr. John D. Black, professor of economics at Harvard, prepared a report on dairying which came to the conclusion that the A.A.A. dairying and livestock program had not accomplished much beyond the "reduction in numbers of excess cattle brought about by the cattle purchase program and the buying of diseased animals." Professor Black claims that the problems of the dairying industry can be solved without attempting to keep prices fixed by means of control of production. Total income of the corn-hog producers was estimated by the report at 7 percent higher than it would have been without the A.A.A. program. According to government records the farmer is now getting a higher percentage of the consumer's dollar than at any time for nearly five years. In August, middle men took $.55 of every consumer dollar spent for ten basic foods; in June, 1932, the middle man was taking $.688.

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The Play

By GRENVILLE VERNON

A Slight Case of Murder

THIS is the sort of play that American playwrights do exceedingly well, and American audiences usually like. It is not meant to be taken seriously, but when well done it insures a merry evening. If "A Slight Case of Murder" isn't the best of this type of play it is certainly an amusing specimen and ought to run for many weeks. And despite its rather macabre idea it is clean and free of unpleasant innuendo or blatancy of dialog. It is written by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay, and these two names assure hilarious lines and siuations. Nature and art are of course absent, for both story and characters are preposterous, as they usually are in comic-mystery plays. Yet perhaps nature and art are not really missing, for what makes one laugh must have at least a touch of truth, and a well-made play is not devoid of the artistic spirit.

The story, though complicated in its detail, is simple enough in its main outlines. An ex-bootlegger, Remy Marco, has rented a country house, and in this house, in an upper room, are four murdered gangsters, the fifth gangster, who has murdered them, being hidden in the house. Marco knows nothing of the murder, and has invited a number of guests to a house-warming. These include his daughter's fiancé, the father, a local artisocrat, who doesn't approve of his son's choice, and two bankers who are about to foreclose on Marco's brewery. These guests his wife doesn't object to, but she does object to a crowd of her husband's old henchmen. Marco discovers that the bodies are in his house, and to get rid of them puts them on the lawns of various people he doesn't like, only to have his henchmen bring them back in order to get the reward for their capture dead or alive. It would be idle to give the rest of the story, except to say that his daughter gets her young man, and the murderer gets away with the money he has killed his fellow gangsters for. This last is scarcely a moral ending, but the whole plot is so absurd that it probably will offend comparatively little. The weakness of the story is the fact that we never see, but only hear about, the murdered men, but it would probably be too grewsome for the authors to make it otherwise. And so though at moments in the second act the action lags, and unnecessary characters clutter up the stage, the evening is a hilarious one.

Plays such as this require speed both in the writing and the acting, and this is why Americans both write and play them so well. They require little thought, but much action, particularly physical action, and the wisecrack goes for epigram. Never once must the audience be allowed either to feel or think; it must be deafened by explosive utterance and explosive movement, interspersed here and there with pungent remarks, remarks which appeal to the average man in the street. And this "A Slight Case of Murder" supplies in abundance on the part of authors, direction and acting.

The major burden of the play falls on the shoulders of John Harrington, who plays Marco. It is an intolerably long part, but one which aside from physical action gives the actor little opportunity. Mr. Harrington looks the part and does with it probably all that can be done. He is most capably assisted by Georgia Caine as his climbing and vulgar wife, and by Joseph Sweeney as his factotum. Perhaps the most amusing performances are, however, given by Lawrence Grossmith as the uncomfortable aristocrat, and by F. H. Day as the almost silent murderer. But the fact that these two characters play in an altogether different key from the noisy crooks helps them to be funny. Phyllis Welch is most charming as the young girl. The movies will certainly do well to keep their eyes on her. She is an ingénue worth looking at and listening to. Other excellent performances are given by James La Curto, Richard Taber, Malcolm Duncan and George Christie. (At the Forty-eighth Street Theatre.)

Night of January 16

THE COURTROOM melodrama is the phenix of the theatre; as soon as the species is pronounced dead, a new specimen rises from the ashes—which metaphor may be slightly mixed! Ayn Rand's "Night of January 16" is the latest of these plays, and an exciting one. It is well constructed, well enough written, admirably directed by John Hayden, and excellently acted. It is founded apparently on the death of Krueger, the Swedish match magnate, and concerns the trial of Karen Andre for the murder of her lover and employer. The trial is worked out ingeniously and the surprise twists are frequent enough to suit the most exacting lover of detective stories. There is in addition a new twist to Mr. Rand's play, in that the jury selected from the audience is at the end allowed to deliver its own verdict of "guilty" or "not guilty." The first two nights of the play in New York the jury's verdict was the latter, though I confess I thought the Judge justified when he denounced the jury for it! It is a pity that such an engrossing play should have had in the testimony of one of the witnesses a most unpleasant passage which is absolutely unnecessary to the story.

The performers are all competent, and one of them, Miss Doris Nolan, far more than that. Miss Nolan, a newcomer to Broadway, plays Karen Andre, and gives a vivid characterization of a fascinating adventuress, the more telling because of its admirable restraint. Miss Nolan ought to go far. Special mention too ought to be made of Arthur Pierson's portrayal of the Swedish bookkeeper, of Edmund Breese and Robert Shayne as the opposing attorneys, of Clyde Fillmore as the banker, Walter Pidgeon as a gangster, and Sarah Padden as a Swedish housekeeper. (At the Ambassador Theatre.)

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Communications

DILEMMAS OF THE RANK AND FILE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Catholics who have attempted to engage in religious lay activities of extra-parochial scope and given up in perplexity and bewilderment—and there must be many such—will appreciate the importance of your recent editorials on the laymen's dilemma. But may not the difficulty be not a lack of leadership, but rather reliance on the wrong kind of leadership?

One of your statements seems to me to strike at the root of the trouble: "We do not believe that our cause can profit by investment in political pull of any kind whatsoever." This comment suggests to me not only that there may be a fallacy in dependence on so-called "political pull" (if such dependence there is), but also that misplaced confidence in the pseudo-leadership in lay activities of those who can supposedly exercise such "pull" may account in some degree for the failure to develop real lay leadership.

The writer has no grievance against politicians, and acknowledges the genuine and excellent Catholicity of many of those holding political office. Also, he is willing to admit the legitimacy of political activity in its proper fields.

But perhaps an example will best illustrate the point. A few years ago a Catholic professional organization was formed in one of the counties of New York City. Its founders were not politicians, but earnest Catholic laymen who had ideals and high hopes for the movement. It had far-reaching possibilities for good. No sooner was the project launched and safely afloat than there was an influx of politicians into its ranks, apparently with a recognition of the vote-building potentialities and the opportunities of a new arena in which to seek the limelight. They were permitted to have their way in assuming all important offices, presumably on the theory that the political pull which they could provide would be helpful to the success of the venture. Conditions strongly suggestive of ward politics developed, and to a great extent the earnest Catholics who had initiated the project lost interest. What might have grown into a really fine and commendable organization of educated Catholic laymen, of national scope, was blighted almost at its inception.

True, another similar organization was recently established in an adjoining county, but there is every indication that the history of the first will be repeated.

Practical politicians do not make good lay readers in religious work, for the obvious reason that they are unable to divorce themselves from political ambition, and will, deliberately or unwittingly, seek to use the activity in which they are engaged for political self-aggrandizement. Much talk and discussion, with the passing of resolutions, serves this end even better than real achievement. Others who would be willing, and capable, to undertake the leadership, are excluded, or give up in disgust on realizing the futility of trying to achieve anything worth while.

Of course, Governor Smith is not to be classed among the self-seeking politicians whose supposed "pull" is often a liability rather than an asset to the Church. His open and stalwart Catholicism has proved a handicap rather than an advantage to his political career. It is of course regrettable that Governor Lehman saw fit to veto the school bus bill, but to this writer at least it is shocking to think that any Catholic would expect Mr. Smith to lower himself to ward-heeling tactics by approaching the present Governor privately and endeavoring by underhand methods to influence his action on the bill.

Most emphatically I am with you when you say: "Any advantages which the Church seeks to get from the State should be asked for so openly and concretely that any doubt as to how and why they are obtained is removed."

When Catholics who have the idea that so-called "political pull" is of advantage to the Church give up that view the cause of the Church will be advanced generally, a possible ground for criticism of the Church will be removed, and in all probability a better type of Catholic lay leadership will be developed. This new lay leadership should, as you have intimated, have ecclesiastical sanction if the best results are to be accomplished.

D. G.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Your article, "Dilemmas of the Rank and File," is not so good—a long distance from the heights of genius to which you soared in your "Commonwealth of Differences."

Are you aware of the fact that there are 1,000,000 more or less young and middle-aged men and women right here in New York City who came here from other sections with the Catholic faith? With all the paid officials of Catholicism, institutions, schools, bricks, stones, etc., to be found here not a single official representative of their religion has ever as much as bid any one of thousands of them the time of day. Why are you worried about Al Smith and Mexico?

Are you aware of the fact that Catholicism is losing these men and women and their children? This will be one of the reasons, as the historians will recount, for the confiscation of the stone and brick structures of Catholicism here by political gangster thieves within fifty years. These things are taking place through sheer lack of any real enthusiasm for Catholicism and the Catholic population by those who feed from the Church and would eat a slim fare without her in these or any other times.

When I was a boy we had a pastor in our town. He knew his flock from A to Z. He was a propagandist for them. He talked about them all the time. His young lawyers were busy preparing and making speeches. He provided the hall and the audience. If you knew a little more than the rest about baking bread or building corn cribs you were introduced as such by him. When you were taken sick he was the first at your bedside. He belonged to the Shakespeare Club. He had and retained lay-helpers—dozens of them ready to spring into action

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immediately at his call. He is dead now. His name was Dougherty. If you had a hundred men like him, when he was in his prime, representing Catholicism in America at this time of destiny, the history of civilization would be different from what it is going to be.

MARTIN E. KING.

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor: In your discussion, "The Rank and of August 16, "The Rank and File Again," on must be 'designated' leadership"—seems just about right. As you say, "Catholicism is vigorous only under its great bishops. . . ." At the same time, there is nothing in this truth to militate against laymen's zeal. In fact, if the designated leadership be as active as it should, it might on occasion put the laymen's zeal to a test.

The defense of Mr. Smith's inaction on the Kelly-Corbet bill seems to flow in a logical way from your main proposition. If Mr. Smith had used his social and political contact with Governor Lehman to obtain approval of that bill, the result would have been in the nature of a personal favor. If Mr. Smith had made a radio appeal as the representative of his bishop, a successful issue could be credited only to the dispensation of ordinary justice.

Again you seem just right when you say: "We are convinced, therefore, that any advantages which the Church seeks to get from the State should be asked for so openly and concretely that any doubt as to how and why they are obtained is removed from the public mind. Ecclesiastical lobbying is an exceedingly dangerous business."

JOSEPH F. O'NEILL.

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor: Regarding your editorial in the issue of August 16, "The Rank and File Again," on which you invite comment, does it not resolve into this?

When we attempt public work, it cannot be done in the name of the Church, without ecclesiastical approbation. Or, if done as a private affair, it must be done in a spirit of submission to authority, which would cause us to desist or retract anything which authority found objectionable, though it would not be humanly possible for the bishops to undertake to personally supervise every move made by individual members of the Church.

The story of Mary Walsh and her Dominican Sisters is one of many recent and remote concrete examples of Catholic Action, in whose initiation the bishops had no hand.

It seems to me the indictment of Catholic political activity, expressed in Mrs. Byam's recent letter, is about the most pointed and true that I have seen, that the reason Catholics do not count politically is that "so many of their alleged leaders are better politicians than they are Catholics and that some of them are just a little too diplomatic." At the same time, although it is irrelevant here, I venture the opinion that if the myriad signers of the petition gotten up by the Council of Churches, mentioned in the same letter, were submitted questionnaires, many, possibly a majority, would not know what it was all about.

ANASTASIA M. LAWLER.

RIGHT REVEREND

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Re the designation and use of the title "Right Reverend," I beg to state that said title as applied now to Monsignors of the Catholic Church is English and Protestant in origin, and did not originally have authority or sanction from Rome. Besides being bad grammar, and opposed to the rules of pure philology, it is also un-Catholic. Plainly the translation of *Reverendissimus* is "Most Reverend" or "Very Reverend," never "Right Reverend," which is neither synonymous, cognate nor similar in sound or meaning to *Reverendissimus*.

I have corresponded with, and spoken to, some very learned and erudite prelates in this country who have expressed their disapprobation of the term "Right Reverend" as a prefix to the titles of Monsignors. May I, therefore, take the liberty of suggesting to you for the sake of historic truth and accuracy, the use of the term "Most Reverend" for all prelates, the prefix "Arch" being sufficient to mark the difference between a metropolitan and a suffragan; the title "Very Reverend" to be used for Monsignors. No doubt you will tell me that Monsignors have the title *Reverendissimus* on their diplomas; but we must not forget the learned Saint Secundinus who wrote a Latin hymn in praise of Saint Patrick while he (Patrick) still lived. The hymn having been finished, the author asked Saint Patrick's leave to read it for him. Our saint replied, "that he would willingly hear the Lord praised in the works of His servants or what He has wrought through them." Secondly, apprehending that he might incur the displeasure of Patrick, who disliked human praise, he omitted the first stanza in which our saint's name occurred, and began at the second. Having proceeded on until he came to the words, *Maximus quoque in regno caelorum vocabitur,* Patrick interrupted him by saying: "How can it be said of a man that he is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?" Saint Secundinus replied: "The superlative degree is used for the positive." The classical scholar is well aware that such a practise is very usual with Latin writers.

CHARLES O'FARRELL.

OUR DIPLOMACY AND MEXICO

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In a letter published in THE COMMONWEAL for August 9, Mary Byam refers to "75,000 letters sent out by the Federal Council of Churches in defense of Mr. Calles," in connection with a discussion of the situation in Mexico. I cannot imagine the source of this statement. The Federal Council has sent out no letters in defense of former President Calles of Mexico, or in regard to the situation in Mexico in any of its aspects. As far as I can find out, no other organization which might have been confused with the Federal Council of Churches had sent out any such letters either.

WALTER W. VAN KIRK, *Secretary,*
Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

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Books

What Is Society?

Mind and Society, by Vilfredo Pareto; edited by Arthur Livingston. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. Four volumes, $20.00.

OF PARETO it may be said first of all that he is a kind of hero who gathered in his breast all the spears of the nineteenth century. A *Dekadenzerscheinung,* therefore, but a great and memorable one. There has now been thrown at the American reader the whole of his "treatise on general society," an indigestible magnum opus into which one must at least dip if one would keep abreast of thought. What to make of him is, of course, another question, and it may be helpful to consider two divergent judgments by men well qualified to express an opinion. In "The Open Door at Home," Dr. Charles Beard says: "Now . . . the vast pile of fact, classification, opinion and conjecture, by Pareto, called 'General Sociology,' appears in an English dress and is greeted by his satellites as 'the real science' of society at last. But already it is sicklied over with the pale cast of doubt and is on its way to the muniment room of huge works which attempt to explain man, society and social development—and fail, of necessity, owing to the very nature of things and the limitations of the human mind." On the other hand, several relatively important sociologists have gone on record as believing that "Mind and Society" is a work of genius, notable for "superlative wisdom" and "profound insight."

At all events, one must not begin to read Pareto with a feeling of awe that a sociologist could foresee the collapse of democracy and the creation of dictatorial governments. That was hardly so difficult as is often supposed. From the very time of the French Revolution men began to predict that a social order based on the principles of that Revolution could not possibly last. And as a matter of fact, it would be difficult to see how a man who started from Pareto's principles could arrive at any other conclusion. Almost every intelligent Frenchman knew in 1872 that the Third Republic was a mirage. What he could not have understood was its survival until 1935.

The genuinely impressive thing is that Pareto carried the study of "myth" to a point far beyond that reached by Taine and Sorel. He saw that all governments enshrine a tendency to substitute "calculation" for "power." That is, there comes a time when the ruling class is no longer strong enough to exercise control by sheer fiat. It then proceeds to play off one troublesome faction against another, to make compromises here and yonder, and to lay stress upon the reasonableness of its actions. The more compromises it makes and the more reasonable it becomes, the weaker it automatically proves. Now the masses rise against authority, and the force which bands them together is a "myth," a credo, a "religion." The efficacy of this lies in the fact that it is based on nonlogical convictions. By and large men are not ruled by logic. The ultimate reality is power, and this power is fundamentally irrational.

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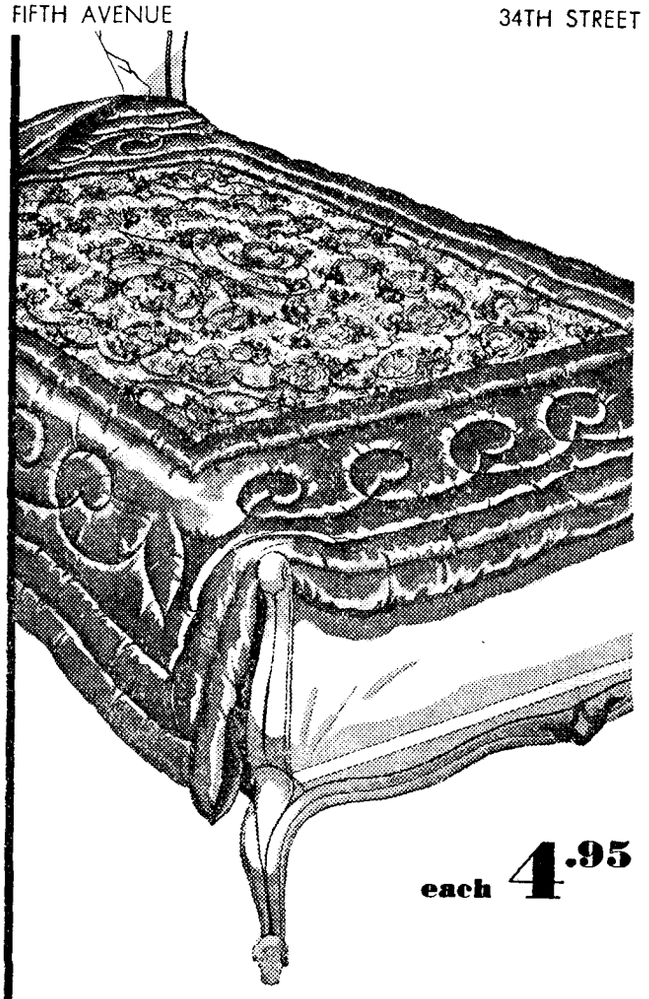

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Therewith Pareto becomes essentially a social psychologist, and his value must be estimated by the completeness, soundness and purposiveness of his psychological research. What he has to say incidentally about economics, class war and government is sometimes impressive and always plausible, but leaves as a whole no impression comparable to that made by his diagnosis of human motive. It seems to me that Volume II, which outlines a "theory of residues," is by all odds the best part of the present treatise, because it reflects Pareto's keenest insight.

But what is it all worth? It will not take the reader long to discover that the work as a whole assumes that induction can be applied successfully in the study of sociological processes. And far too many of the links in the chain of logic are outmoded, or suggested by the times in which Pareto lived, or intrinsically incomplete. Nor is the metaphysic which holds the whole together—it is, rather, a "basic attitude" and not a metaphysic—very sound. Pareto was not incorrect in isolating the realm of human action from all else so that it might be studied more profitably. But he went on to absolutize that realm and thus to ignore forces which lay above or beneath it.

The reader will accordingly find, I think, that as a system Pareto's treatise is merely tiresome and arbitrary. But he will know how to value it as a voluminous critique of sociological thinking. As an essay in dialectic it is stimulating and challenging. It is all the work of an intellectual who loved righteousness, though he never quite knew what righteousness is.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Romance at Noonday

Lucy Gayheart, by Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

THE PUBLICATION of a new novel by Willa Cather has come to be an event anticipated. This latest of Miss Cather's output fully justifies all expectations. "Lucy Gayheart" is a slender novel of 231 pages, reminiscent of "The Song of the Lark" in its Middle West setting and its use of a musical background, reminiscent of "A Lost Lady" in its eddyings of passion; but it surpasses either of these in compression, in power, in depth, in emotional value.

Lucy Gayheart, the lovable, talented daughter of the watchmaker-musician, is the center of a deep maelstrom of love and pride, ambition and frustration. Harry Gordon's love for Lucy, the girl's passionate devotion to the great Clement Sebastian for whom she played accompaniments during her student days in Chicago, the tragedy that enveloped not only her own bright visions but Gordon's as well—these form the texture of the plot. The story opens with her townspeople still remembering Lucy "as a slight figure always in motion . . . like a bird flying home"; it closes with these same townspeople thinking of her as "like a bird being shot down when it rises in its morning flight toward the sun." (The jacket carries a bird in downward flight.) It has to do with "youth, hope, love—all the things that pass," as Sebastian is made to express it; with "having one's heart frozen and one's world destroyed in a moment," as Lucy saw it.

The novel has all the excellencies one expects in Miss Cather's work. The plot, slender though it is, moves on unswervingly and with force. The background merges with the story as readily and as naturally as one's own garden compasses one's friends and familiars. What Alice Meynell taught us to call the "spirit of place" is evoked here as magically as it was made to dominate "Shadows on the Rock." One meets it everywhere—in the valley of the Platte with its scrub-oaks and its cottonwoods, as well as on the Chicago lake front where "even the grey gulls flew by on languid wings."

Of all the character, Harry Gordon is perhaps the best drawn. It is in his portrayal that the reader discerns the author's keenness of insight, her understanding of human nature, her gift of delineating character in all the subtle changes which the years carry with them. The middle-aged Sebastian whose "personality had aroused her even before he began to sing, the moment he came upon the stage," is always a breathing, living figure. Lucy herself in her vivacity and sparkle, or in her deep sorrow, is thoroughly alive. And even the minor characters stand out, none more so than the German music teacher Auerbach, in his beautiful understanding. The reader will not soon forget such characters nor the scenes in which they figure. Poignantly moving pages are those which tell of Lucy's pleading for the sparing of the Gayheart orchard, of her afternoon in that orchard living over in memory the year just closing, and of Harry Gordon sitting alone in his private office late into the evening of the day on which Lucy's father had been buried. Such pictures live long in the memory.

Miss Cather's simple, crystal-clear style would seem to have gained in that rare power to achieve even the slightest nuances of impression, of emotion—of anything for which head and heart struggle for expression. One could make a long list of the striking, apposite similes and metaphors which give clarity, force and beauty to every page of this entrancing novel.

CHARLOTTE M. MEAGHER.

Compassion

Dance of Fire, by Lola Ridge. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.00.

IN SPITE of the heights to which the tragic magnificence of her epic, "Firehead," moved five years ago, there are many in Lola Ridge's audience who will consider "Dance of Fire" the rarest (to date) of her books. Assuredly it does transcend in beauty and integrity of spirit and phrasing the most virile of her poems. Ever the champion of those suffering in individually strange ways for the cause of liberty and truth, ever one to chastise in burning rhythms the ways of spiritual cowards, the author in this volume seems to exceed herself—to have attained heights from which she regards humanity with more embracing (if perhaps more detached) compassion than ever. "Let bitterness be as a

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white salt in the bottom of a glass one sets down quietly," she says in "White Buzzard."

The remarkable sonnet sequence, "Via Ignis," which leads the book, stands forth sharply defined against the work of other modern poets because of a very core of spiritual fire—enhanced by the dignity and chastity of the style. In those three sections of "Via Ignis," their author addresses that Light which is breath of life, not only in the virgin earth of perfect seasons, the primeval wonder of sea and flower and tree, but in that brief and passionate expression of it all—man. Man, formed to be as perfect and adjusted a piece of creation as blossom or star or pool of water, but who burns blindly in his own destruction, entangled in his own fiery dance.

Here the work touches its highest point. Not even sharply etched portraits like "Theme" and "Miniature," the agonizedly tightening reflection of "Three Men Die," the conflagration-like quality of "Fire Boy," can approach the white essence of "Via Ignis." Poems resembling these last Miss Ridge has achieved before. But in the sonnets every word and line is the breath of one who has walked through the fieriest of furnaces and emerged into the air of dawn on very high mountains. They are at once spiritually reflective and prophetic. Most nearly akin to them in its pure clarity is the lyric, "Not as a Light."

LAURA BENÉT.

Earnest and Direct

Mirage and Truth, by M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

FATHER D'ARCY has taken "one or two writings which exhibit the spirit and longings of the nobler individuals of our time," and after devoting more than one-third of his book to expounding their position, he challenges "them and any other view whatsoever with the glory that belongs to the Christian faith."

The fact that Father D'Arcy speaks of these men who differ with him as being "some of the nobler individuals of our time," indicates the spirit in which he writes, and his persuasiveness is tremendously increased by the due credit he gives his opponents. He never underrates them, never descends to that last refuge of the shallow apologist, sarcasm. His object is to win souls, not a cheap dialectical victory. Nor does he try to tickle the minds of those who already agree with him by heaping abuse and ridicule on others. Thoroughly convinced of the grandeur of theism and its uniquely satisfying outlook, he wants to share these values with others.

No review can give an adequate idea of his consummate handling of the subject. But this book can be recommended as a model of apologetic writing. Here is no straining after flashy, albeit unconvincing, paradoxes; no purple patches of rhetoric; no schematic oversimplification of an essentially complex thing. Father D'Arcy writes with charm and dignity and a wealth of illuminating similes calculated to carry with him the earnest seeker after truth.

J. ELLIOT ROSS.

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Briefer Mention

Lay Participation in Christ's Priesthood, by the Reverend William A. Kavanagh, S. T. L. Washington: The Catholic University of America. $1.00.

DR. KAVANAGH'S exposition and interpretation of the texts I Peter, ii, 5, 7, upon which this doctrine rests, are scholarly and complete. His historical investigation beginning with the Greek and Latin Fathers is of great value to any inquirer in this field. He also examines concurrent erroneous testimony. From the study of the theological development of the doctrine, for which he depends mainly upon Saint Thomas, Dr. Kavanagh summarizes: "The entire work of sanctification is accomplished through Christ's priesthood; but when laymen exercise the office given to them through baptism and confirmation, they participate in the work of sanctification; therefore they participate in Christ's priesthood." The illumination thrown by this authoritative work upon the status of the laity in the Church is a godsend to promoters of Catholic Action, who have in this succint volume wherewith to impress upon the laity not only the dignity of their status but also the obligations incumbent upon them because of that dignity.

Singing in the Wilderness, a Salute to John James Audubon, by Donald Culross Peattie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

ONE OF our country's leading writer-naturalists, contributor of the Audubon biography to the "American Dictionary of Biography," has here written a prose poem to his hero. It is compounded of biography, of vivid personal observations of nature, particularly, of course, of birds, and of fancied scenes of the hero's life. Audubon was an authentic genius, his remarkable series of plates for "The Birds of America" clearly are among the best of our fine art, and his adventures in the primeval depths of America, as well as in the frontier settlements of the Mississippi region, and in early nineteenth-century Kentucky, New Orleans, France and England, constitute a moving, varied story. Together with its impressionistic limitations, the book has great charm and evocativeness.

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